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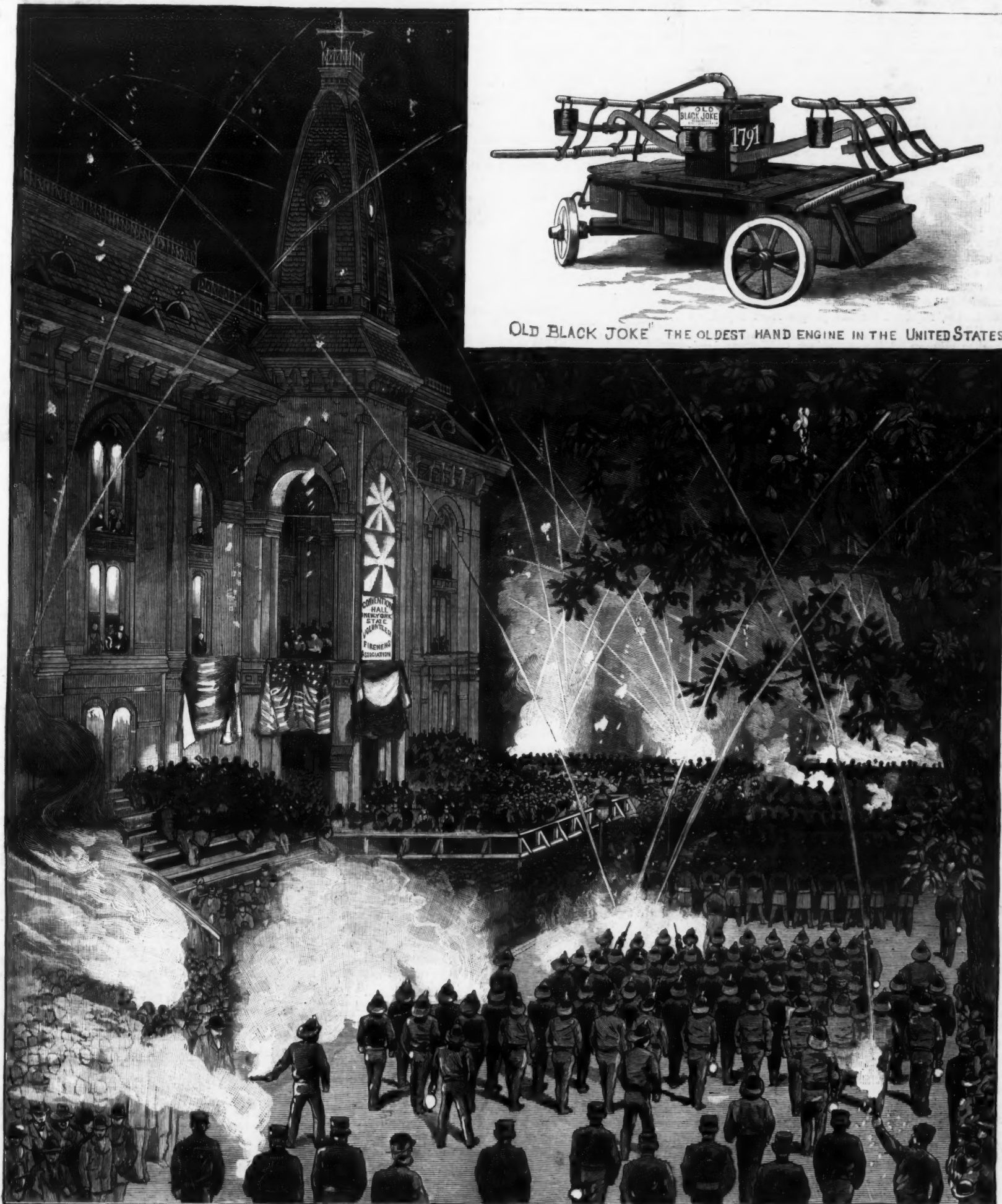
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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OLD "BLACK JOKE" THE OLDEST HAND ENGINE IN THE UNITED STATES

1. "OLD BLACK JOKE," THE OLDEST HAND-ENGINE IN THE UNITED STATES. 2. GRAND FIREMEN'S PARADE, AUGUST 17TH—THE PROCESSION PASSING THE CITY HALL, NEW YORK.—FIFTEENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE STATE FIREMEN'S ASSOCIATION. AT TROY, AUGUST 16TH-19TH. FROM SKETCHES BY C. UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 21.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 27, 1887.

THE NEW LAND POLICY.

THE decision of Secretary Lamar, throwing open to settlers the 25,000,000 acres forming the indemnity belt of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, is an important continuation of the first vigorous and thorough land policy which we have had. The claim of the railroad company, put briefly, was the claim usually put forth in such cases, not only that indemnity lands should be selected from the indemnity belt, but that this belt should remain closed against settlers for an indefinite time, and that the company, which was expected to complete its main line in 1878, should have a further extension. Neither the special pleading of the railroad and the various newspapers friendly to corporation interests, nor the logical arguments of the Secretary, are of interest to the general public. The main point is that powerful railroad companies, which were granted millions of acres by the Government on certain conditions, which they have not fulfilled, can no longer continue to hold the lands which they have forfeited, and keep out settlers. The first step in this direction was taken in 1885, in the decision of Commissioner Sparks, upheld by President Cleveland, that the Northern Pacific Railroad Company should not be permitted to drive the settler, Guilford Miller, from his farm. The decision in the case of the Atlantic and Pacific Road, it appears, will also apply to all the land-grant roads except six which were required by the rule of May 23d to show cause why the orders withdrawing their indemnity lands from settlement should not be revoked. About forty roads were specified in this rule. The revocation of all these orders will open to settlers more than 100,000,000 acres, an area approximately equal to the six New England and four Middle States, regained for the people from rapacious corporations.

Another glimpse of the operations of Western land-grabbers is afforded in the annual report of George W. Julian, Surveyor-general of New Mexico. He states positively that the impression prevailing in the East that all the available land in the Territory has been taken up is erroneous. Within two years he has found over 4,000,000 acres which should have been opened to settlement, but have been illegally withheld. He characterizes the notorious Maxwell Grant, with which Dorsey and others were connected, as a "shameful and wanton surrender to the rapacity of monopolists of 1,662,764 acres of the public domain on which hundreds of poor men had settled in good faith." The Socorro Grant is mentioned as another instance of the plunder of the public domain. In New Mexico, land robbers have had an excellent chance in the confusion caused by old Spanish grants, ignorant Mexicans, and doubtful titles, but the thieving practiced there has had a counterpart wherever the Government has undertaken to control and dispose of land. Land-grant railroads have seized upon land which they never earned; powerful cattle companies have boldly taken possession of water privileges, have suborned cowboys to enter land under the Homestead or Pre-emption Acts, and have audaciously fenced in portions of the public domain. To these frauds are to be added the depredations of timber thieves and land companies, some of which have been recently exposed through the investigations of Commissioner Sparks. For years both political parties have embodied in their platforms a declaration that the public domain must be reserved for actual settlers. Yet the plundering has continued, and poor settlers have been powerless against railroad corporations. But the time has come, under the present Administration, when the question has been brought up for settlement on its merits.

REDUCTION OF TAXATION AND SURPLUS.

NO taxation can be said to be too high which the safety, the honor or the integrity of the Republic renders necessary. Pending the struggle for national existence, general taxation was too low rather than too high. Secretary Chase has been criticised by political economists for not paying more debts in cash and less in promises to pay. But all this is happily changed. We are now enjoying, and are likely to enjoy for a long time to come, a period of profound peace. The Army, the Navy, and everything else, is on a peace footing. The business of the country, outside of Wall Street, is being done on a conservative, peace basis. Our currency, and hence prices or nominal values, are free from the wild inflation tendencies of war times. The only thing that is not on a peace footing or basis is national taxation. The only possible justification for the continuance of war taxes for twenty-two years after a war has ended would be the dire need of the Government for a war revenue during that period.

But the fact happens to be that not only no necessity exists for the use of all the revenue collected, but it has become a burden and an expense to keep, and a standing temptation to steal. Neither in equity, in political economy, nor in morals, can warrant be found for taking

money out of the pockets of taxpayers, except for the purpose of supplying the wants and needs of the state. To take it before it is needed, is to take it when it is not needed. This is both unbusiness-like and unjust. It deprives the citizen of the use of his money, when the Government has no use for it, and when its possession is a positive injury to the public.

The responsibility for a condition of things which no political party or intelligent person pretends to defend rests upon the political majority in the lower House of Congress. When the Republicans were in a majority, there seemed to be a lack, not so much of ability, as of inclination, to bring about revenue reform. With the Democrats in power in the House, the ability, not the inclination, seems wanting, to frame a measure of tariff reduction, based on any accepted principles of taxation. Wise suggestions from Presidents Arthur and Cleveland, and from Secretaries McCulloch and Manning, were offered to guide legislators to right conclusions. But thus far all sensible suggestions from all quarters have remained unheeded. A measure which comprehends the removal of the import duties from the common necessities of life, the removal or reduction of the duties on raw materials, and the placing on the free list of all those articles that it is profitless to tax, would best check the increase of surplus revenue, now wrongfully taken from those classes least able to pay taxes or to be discriminated against as at present.

The present plan of anticipating the payment of the public debt must result in so withdrawing the Government bonds as to endanger the security of the National Bank circulation. Any disturbance of our admirable currency system would meet with popular disapproval. The manifestly proper remedy to be applied is to stop the accumulation of surplus by a prompt and radical reduction of taxation.

CHANGES IN CAMPAIGN METHODS.

THE recent Kentucky election has a moral quite apart from its political bearings. The Louisville *Courier-Journal* points out that one of its lessons is that the day of the barbecue in campaigns is over; and the principle involved is one which applies to the whole century. The Kentucky election simply emphasizes a fact which has for some time been forcing itself upon the attention of keen observers.

In the early days of the country, sentiment and display played a great part in political campaigns. The famous "log-cabin" and "hard-cider" canvass of 1840 marked the culmination of this style of campaigning. All over the country the Whigs organized great processions, in which log cabins and barrels of hard cider were always the most conspicuous objects, and always evoked the greatest enthusiasm. The same spirit lent popularity to the Whig song, which was sung throughout the land, with its chorus:

"For Tippecanoe and Tyler too—Tippecanoe and Tyler too."

Something of the same spirit was exhibited twenty years later, when much stress was laid upon the fact that Lincoln had been in early life a rail-splitter, and when rails alleged to have been among the number split by him were displayed in conventions, to the great delight of the audiences. But twenty years later than 1860 the change in public sentiment was so plainly perceptible, that attempts to organize towpath Republican clubs, because Garfield had once been a towpath-boy, fell very flat, and were frowned upon by the candidate himself.

In Kentucky, if anywhere, the traditional feeling would have survived, for it is one of the most illiterate States in the Union, and lies somewhat aside from the current of progress. There were many Democrats who did not realize that there had been any change. General Buckner had married an estimable young woman a couple of years ago, and a son had recently been born to him. An attempt was made to raise the cry of "Buckner, Betty and the Baby," and mother and child were brought into the convention which nominated the father for Governor. As the canvass advanced great efforts were made to arouse party enthusiasm by holding barbecues, at which the people gathered from miles around to share the rude feast, which was expected to help in persuading them to vote the regular ticket. No stronger appeal to the sentiment and the stomach of the voter had been made in Kentucky for many years.

The returns demonstrated that the canvass had been an utter failure. There was a large vote—the largest ever cast, indeed—but the opposition had gained by it. Democrats heard the appeals for "Buckner, Betty and the Baby," and they ate their fill at the barbecues, but the returns showed that they had paid real heed to the arguments addressed to them by the Republicans, and the result was a great reduction of the Democratic majority.

The change is due to various causes, chief among them being the development of the national character. Men nowadays are not taken off their feet by a hurrah so easily as their fathers were. Claptrap appeals produce less effect than they used to do. The emotions and the passions in politics are yielding to the reason. It is a great gain for the cause of good government.

PANAMA OR NICARAGUA?

THE only partial success of the late effort in France to increase the debt of the Panama Canal Company from \$350,000,000 to \$400,000,000 must convince even

De Lesseps that it will not be an easy matter to raise the remaining \$400,000,000, which, it is estimated, will be the smallest sum needed to complete the work. Every month new difficulties present themselves. The real engineering obstacles to be overcome have not yet been encountered, and the unwillingness of French capitalists to furnish the money for the prosecution of the work, shown by the large discount at which the securities of the company were recently disposed of, foreshadows the coming of a time in the near future when the treasury will actually be empty and work will have to stop for want of funds. The Panama Canal will not probably be completed during the present generation or by the present company.

There are probably no engineering difficulties to be overcome in the building of a ship-railway across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec that the genius and perseverance of Captain Eads could not have overcome, and it is very possible that his successors may be able to complete the line. But a ship-railway is at best an experimental work. No similar one has ever yet been built, and most engineers and shipbuilders doubt its practicability. The former fear the sinking of embankments under the enormous weight of a loaded steamship, and the latter the racking of the hulls of vessels lifted out of the water with their cargoes in them. It is not safe to predict the disastrous failure of any project because it is novel. Engineers have made mistakes in many notable instances; but their mistakes have been the exception and not the rule, and in this instance they believe Captain Eads's project to be a visionary one.

The recent addresses on Isthmus transit made at the convention of scientific men in this city confirm the opinion we have long held and frequently expressed, that a solution of this problem must be sought in the Nicaragua route. Briefly, there is no question of the practicability of this route; even those opposed to it admit that. The engineering difficulties sink into insignificance by the side of those that De Lesseps will have to overcome, and are not to be compared with some which have been easily surmounted elsewhere. Of the 170 miles of distance separating the two oceans, 130 miles will be of lake navigation, leaving only 40 miles of canal to be cut. The route is a healthful one, the country it traverses a fine one; it is beyond the region of the Panama calms, and the facilities for making harbors at the termini are as good as anywhere upon the coasts of the Isthmus. Finally, the cost is estimated at only \$60,000,000 or \$75,000,000.

Mr. Menocal, of the United States Navy, who has given many years to the study of the Nicaragua route, announces that ten engineers will be sent into the field, December 1st, to begin the work of minute surveying; and we hope there may be no interruption in the work before its conclusion.

THE LINE DRAWN AT THE SOCIALISTS.

THE 68,000 votes cast for Henry George at the municipal election in this city last Fall would have made the first State Convention of the United Labor party, held last week, a gathering of more than ordinary importance, even if the body itself, with its two hundred earnest, determined delegates, and their doings, did not commend it to respectful consideration. The leaders and managers of the older parties may like it or not, they cannot be blind to the fact that the Henry George-McGlynn party has grown since last November, and that it is certain to have a voice in the politics of this State this Fall.

The most important and significant act of the United Labor party's convention was the suppression of the Socialists. Diverse and heterogeneous as are the elements that make up this new political organization, its leaders had to draw the line somewhere, or give up all hope of securing any part of the farmer vote—and they drew it at the Socialists. And so effectively had their work been done in the different Assembly districts of New York, and in the wards of other cities, that the task of the convention itself was a very simple and easy one. The eight fighting Socialists, among two hundred delegates who had no sympathy with their doctrines and believed that their recognition would ruin the party, stood very little chance, and they were quite summarily disposed of. The discussion of the resolutions excluding them had no more effect than such debates usually do. A majority of the delegates had made up their minds not to have the Socialists in the convention, and they were not to be converted by argument.

To how great an extent the United Labor party will be able to capture the farmer vote of this State remains to be seen. But its recruits from that quarter cannot be very numerous. The secret of the popularity of Henry George's land theories in the cities is to be found in the fact that so small a percentage of the working people do or can own land, and they look upon the proposed tax that would destroy the value of such ownership as one that would be levied upon the rich for the benefit of the poor—themselves. The farmers of the State, on the other hand, either own land now or hope to in the future, and as they constitute the class upon whom Henry George's land tax would fall with heaviest weight, his system very naturally does not look as attractive to them. The farmer vote is too conservative to be captured this year by the United Labor party.

BUSINESS MORALS IN WALL STREET.

THE extraordinary career of Henry S. Ives argues a deplorable laxness of business morals among the men with whom he dealt. Within six years this young man developed from a penniless clerk and a curbstone broker implicated in very shady transactions into another "Napoleon of finance," and succeeded in wrecking a railroad and incurring liabilities estimated at fifteen or twenty millions. Without more or less complicity on the part of men now ready to denounce the ruined speculator this career would have been impossible. His reputation was bad, yet his firm secured a connection with the Stock Exchange. He was supposed to be "smart," and his entire lack of moral principle, or even business honesty, was ignored by men who were anxious to profit by his "smartness." Moreover, capitalists appear to have been perfectly

willing to loan money to a man unknown, or only known to be an adventurer, whenever collateral securities, acquired no one knew how, seemed to be sufficient. In other words, Ives had, and profited by, the countenance of men supposed to be of the highest standing. The laxness which this implies is an unfortunate characteristic of Wall Street business. The old-fashioned standards of honor and business probity seem to have disappeared. Formerly men who gained financial success by dubious means were looked upon with suspicion. Now the only test seems to be that of success, and if shady transactions in stock-jobbing, railroad-wrecking, or what not, turn out well, the perpetrator is honored and looked up to like Jay Gould. But if Ferdinand Ward and Henry S. Ives are to be taken as typical products of Wall Street, the time is likely to come when the power of Wall Street and the Stock Exchange will be summarily abridged.

EATING AND DRINKING.

SCIENTIFIC men are too apt to shoot over the heads of the people in the discussion of plain matters, but what Professor Atwater had to say on "Food," before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, at its recent meeting in this city, was at once suggestive and practical. He noticed and blamed, as every one must, the wastefulness which marks American home administration, whether among the rich or the poor. He might well have insisted on this point, habitually overlooked by the people who profess the deepest interest in social questions, for reform with regard to it would instantly dispose of much that workingpeople call by the name of a grievance. Those who really desire to help the workingman (and most men in this world have to work), will show him, if they can, how far he is able to control his own future by living within his means. This is the true secret of independence, and the man who can learn to apply it for himself has solved the problem of life.

The waste in American living is, as Professor Atwater shows, manifold. We buy more food than we need; part of it is eaten, and the rest, which has cost hard-earned money, is thrown away; or it is eaten merely because it is bought, and so the system is overloaded and sickness follows; or food is bought because it seems to be cheap, and eaten unnecessarily, when less of a better kind would have done good; or money is thrown away on what is called a delicacy, which is, in most cases, a mere momentary tickling of the palate. It is within the truth to say that at least half of the daily expense of an American family for food and drink is wasted; and the waste is unpardonable. Meat seems to be a necessity for most persons, but nearly every one eats it too often. Those who are doing hard bodily labor during the day need meat, perhaps, twice a day in moderate quantity; but even they would do better to take at one meal a soup, or stew, made of the meat which would otherwise be thrown away. Many a man whose yearly earnings amount to \$1,000 throws away on useless or on hurtful food and drink at least \$100—and it must not be supposed that by drink beer or whisky is meant. There is abuse of milk and of tea as well as abuse of beer; and the man who has his living to make should spend his money only for things that he can use. A small piece of meat cooked with vegetables by simmering on the fire furnishes a wholesome and most nourishing meal for any family, rich or poor; and for vegetables there is a wide range of choice. The potato, useful as it is, is too exclusively relied on, while the family of the peas and beans, so extensive and so nutritious, is neglected. There are manuals of diet to be had, from any one of which an intelligent mother of a family can learn in a short time how to choose and how best to prepare the comparatively inexpensive table for her household in place of the extravagant dishes that now keep her and her husband poor.

The moderation on which Professor Atwater insists as necessary for the health and the independence of workmen is still possible for each one; but there must be given to the subject a serious attention and study. There must be co-operation between the husband and the wife, and a settled purpose to make the dollar bring in its value. The men of science reach their conclusions from the study and the comparison of many thousand cases, and their hearer, if his mind is open to the truth, must confess that their theory agrees, point by point, with his own personal experience as a bread-winner.

STARTLING INCREASE OF CRIME.

IT is not consoling to think that crime in this country, during the last half-century, has increased in a much larger ratio than the population. Such, however, is the conclusion arrived at by the Rev. Frederick H. Wines (an authority on the subject), and it must be admitted that his statistical collation seems to warrant this deduction. While obviously very incomplete, as the statistics only relate to seven States, and are not very full even for those, the figures furnished, if only approximately correct, are in every way depressing.

The ratio of commitments to population in the two penitentiaries of Pennsylvania rose from 1 to 15,320 in 1830 to 1 to 5,931 in 1880, an increase of more than 250 per cent. The commitments to the State Prison at Trenton were in 1830 1 to 6,974 of the population, and in 1880 1 to 2,346, or about 300 per cent. which makes a worse showing still for New Jersey. Previous to 1860 figures were not available relative to Maine, but in that year the ratio of commitments to population was 1 in 15,323, and in 1880 it was 1 in 11,188. In New Hampshire crime has increased twice as fast as the population during the past sixty years, the commitments to population being as 1 to 14,001 in 1820, and 1 to 7,229 in 1880. Illinois heads the list of the States quoted for the highest proportional increase of crime, the ratio rising in thirty years from 1 in 9,400 to 1 in 3,481. In Iowa during twenty years, from very incomplete data, the increase of commitments is estimated to have been at a ratio 60 per cent. beyond that of the population. The figures for Minnesota State Prison show a ratio of increase of criminal convictions from 1 in 10,751 in 1860 to 1 in 5,870 in 1880, or almost double.

After making every allowance for the incompleteness of these records, the conviction is inevitable that in seven States, containing about one-fourth of the population of the United States, and morally no worse than the others, there has been a proportional increase of commitments to State prisons and penitentiaries during the last fifty years vastly greater than the increase of population. With educational facilities such as do not exist in any other country, incentives to industry unparalleled, the largest measure of freedom consistent with the security of society, and with fewer temptations to wrongdoers than exist in the densely peopled countries of Europe, the showing is startling, and the political economist and moralist may well feel perplexed by it.

To assign any reasonable cause for such an anomalous and deplorable state of morals is by no means easy, as, leaving statistics and the criminal records of the daily Press in the background, we would feel warranted in assuming that the ratio would be all the other way. Unrestricted immigration may have something to do with this disproportionate increase of crime, as thousands of the

evil-disposed, who through a course of wrongdoing have attracted the notice of the police, avoid arrest and leave their circumscribed environment, by transferring themselves to a land of magnificent distances, where, if they excite suspicion in one place, they have a whole continent for their tramping-ground. The larger measure of freedom obtained by immigrants, subject to oppressive restrictions in their own country, upon arriving here, doubtless in many instances results in a criminal license. The law's delays, the difficulty of conviction or executing the sentence after this has been secured, too great a facility of appeal from the sentence of the court, are all probably factors in producing a state of morals that must be very distressing to every lover of his country.

BUYING A HUSBAND.

THE annals of society relate the history of many an American heiress who has given her fortune for a title by marriage, but it is reserved for Mrs. J. G. Johnston, of Rutland, Vt., to enjoy the distinction of paying a good round sum in cold cash for a husband before she obtained the innumerable benefits of the married state. This lady, whose name was Sarah A. Robins before she purchased her prize, belongs to that large class of persons who are willing to pay for the luxuries of life, but who sometimes refuse to settle for its necessities. She cheerfully handed over \$100,000 for a husband, but she declines to surrender \$10,000 to the lawyer whose legal services included the management of her large estate, as well as advice against taking a husband at a price so far above regular market rates. The lawyer has brought suit to recover this amount, and the legal proceedings have revealed the curious history of Mrs. Johnston's courtship and marriage. The individual who succeeded in fetching ten times the amount paid for America's greatest baseball player is a physician; and the particular school of practice which he carried on with great success for thirteen years in New York city is described in the legal papers as "massage, manipulating, laying on of hands, and squeezing." Dr. Johnston was not regarded, by those who knew him, as a specially attractive man personally, but his deficiencies in that respect were doubtless amply compensated for, in Miss Robins's mind, by his skill and talents in his profession. She felt that her life would be incomplete unless the doctor had a more than professional interest in it, and she resolved to win his affections and his hand in marriage in spite of the slight obstacle that he already had a wife and daughter. It is a credit to Miss Robins's thrift and economy that, in accomplishing her purpose, she did not make an outlay of money until she felt it necessary. She first sought to establish, with the doctor's aid, that Mrs. Johnston Number 1 had been divorced from her husband, but the absence of any proofs of such a condition of things, save the assertions of the doctor himself, closed up that avenue to Miss Robins's happiness. Nothing daunted, the devoted woman resolved to sacrifice a portion of her fortune to gain her end. After some negotiations and haggling over prices, Mrs. Johnston Number 1, for value received, went West, secured a divorce from her husband, and surrendered all further claims upon his "massage" and other qualifications as a husband to Mrs. Johnston Number 2, who, in spite of her legal difficulties, may now rejoice in the exclusive ownership of a valuable article.

THE tiny boomlet for the gallant Phil Sheridan as President seems to run its little course without provoking any hard feelings. Sheridan's heroism and dash as a cavalry officer are a part of history, and he appears to discharge his duties well as General of the Army. It is, therefore, fortunate that the army is unlikely to lose his valuable services until he is retired by age.

AS INTELLIGENCE from Henry M. Stanley would be six months in reaching Zanzibar, except by the way of the Congo and the West Coast of Africa, and as definite news of his safety only about two months ago has been received, the latest story that he has been murdered lacks all the elements of probability. It is a pity that the telegraph lines cannot be closed to the unprincipled wretches who start such reports upon their rounds.

THAT excellent organization, the Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston, to which we have alluded, is to be credited with another piece of philanthropic work, in the publication of a circular giving condensed information upon points of law which affect workingwomen. This includes wages, time of the contract, notices to leave, breakages, debts, hiring rooms, damages to furniture, and many other matters upon which controversies might be founded. It is perfectly true, as the Society has found, that workingwomen are lamentably ignorant regarding their legal rights and responsibilities. Through this ignorance they are frequently subjected to gross impositions by heartless employers, which would be averted by knowledge of the law and insistence upon justice.

THE Canadian Government has finally become convinced that the Hudson Bay route is not practical for commerce. The result of three years' investigation is the conclusion that the Straits are not navigable, even for vessels specially constructed for that route, before the 1st of July or after the first week in October. This reduces the period during which the route would be available for regular traffic to a little more than three months, and a commerce that must lie idle three-fourths of the year cannot be made profitable, or compete successfully with that which can be employed the whole year. The result of this inquiry has been somewhat of a disappointment to the Dominion Government, which had hoped to bring a large and now remote territory within comparatively easy reach of the markets of the world.

"THERE is no use in trying to carry this State this year unless action is taken at once" to find out why so many Republicans are retained in office, say the Democratic State Central Committee of Massachusetts, and so they have appointed a sub-committee of their own members to make the necessary investigation. Perhaps the rank and file of the Bay State Democracy are more exercised about turning petty clerks out of the Boston Post-office and Custom-house simply because they are Republicans than they are for the triumphs of the principles which the Democratic party professes and the perpetuation of its power in Washington, but we believe them to be more patriotic and sincere. President Cleveland must expect to encounter the opposition of the spoilsmen who do not get good offices, even though his Civil Service Reform principles have been pretty rudely shaken of late.

THE American Association for the Advancement of Science, which has just been holding its meeting in New York, has resolved to petition Congress for a reduction of the tariff upon scientific books and apparatus. To this there can be no sane objections. It is perfectly evident that the Government does not need the trifling revenue derived from the tariff upon these articles nor from that

upon art, and it is also evident that there is no intrinsic reason for restricting their importation. The only remaining reason is that the tariff protects American scientists and artists from foreign competition, but this reason is upset by the spectacle of American scientists asking the removal of the tariff, just as American artists with singular unanimity have petitioned for the abrogation of the thirty per cent. tariff upon art. As has been said, "the strongest stimulus to intellectual activity comes from the freest possible interchange of the products of the mind. The works of the scientific men of other countries are in great part the means which our own scholars and teachers use to fit themselves and others for producing similar works." It ought not to be necessary in this day of "advanced civilization" for the representatives of science, letters and art humbly to beg their "rulers" not to handicap them in their work. The imposition of such duties is an anachronism and a barbarism. They should be done away with.

RAILWAY disasters such as that near Piper City, and on the Boston and Providence Railroad at Busby Bridge, last Winter, are terribly expensive to the companies, but no more so than they ought to be when such fearful loss of life results from negligence that is actually criminal. In the latter case \$450,000 has already been paid to those who were injured or to the representatives of those killed, and the aggregate of unsatisfied claims is as much more. That is what it cost to allow a bridge to be used that was known to be unsafe. The Illinois disaster will cost the railroad company even more, if, in fact, it does not cause its bankruptcy. And that is the cost of employing an incompetent section superintendent who set fire to the dry grass near a bridge and went off and left it, although he had been ordered to make a careful inspection of the line on the afternoon before the accident. Somebody ought at least to be in jail.

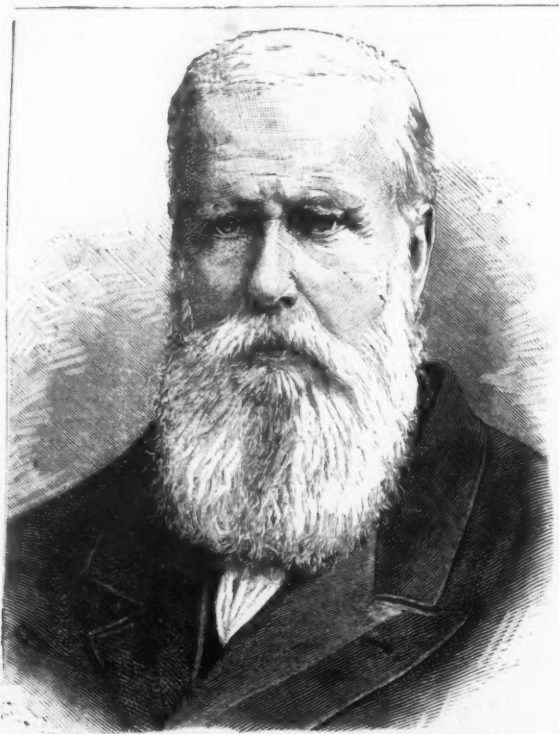
THERE doesn't seem to have been much honor among the thieves who stole \$160,000 from the Manhattan Company's Bank in 1885. Scott, the defaulting paying-teller, who is now a fugitive in London, accuses John R. Dunn, a lawyer of this city, and a cousin of his wife, of having instigated the robbery, and then robbed him of the larger part of the money, which had been left with Dunn for safekeeping. There are many strange things about Scott's story, but the strangest is that the funds of the Manhattan Company's bank were so loosely guarded that it was possible for a paying-teller to abstract almost any sum he pleased, even two or three million dollars, and escape to Canada before the theft would be discovered. He actually did take \$500,000 one afternoon, and then, repentant, returned it the next morning. He might have crippled the bank, as Dunn urged him to do. How many other banks are there in New York and in other cities that are at the mercy of their paying-tellers?

MR. ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE's political experience, last Fall, very naturally leads him to desire such a reform of political methods as shall make it impossible for a candidate to be defeated at the polls by the treachery of the managers of his own party. We have not space to describe in detail the new system of nominating candidates and voting at elections as outlined in a Bill he has prepared for introduction in the Legislature next Winter. Briefly, it proposes to abolish primaries and allow each voter, at the time of registration, to name the candidate he desires to have nominated. The name of any person designated by more than one-tenth of the voters is to be placed upon the ballots, the cost of printing which, as well as all other election expenses, are to be a public charge. Each voter is to be allowed secretly to scratch from his ballot the names of all the candidates except the one for whom he desires to vote. The present system of primaries and the method of voting now in use have long prevailed, and while Mr. Rice's new system may be an improvement, it will encounter the opposition not only of the "practical politicians" whose power would be reduced by it, but also that of conservative citizens who are slow to adopt new ideas. The need of a reform is almost universally admitted; the discussion which Mr. Rice's Bill will provoke cannot fail to be useful.

THE Ute Indians of Colorado have rather a bad reputation as "hostiles," and the fight with them eight years ago was costly to the country in the sacrifice of lives, money and property. Trouble has been brewing again, between the Indians on the one hand and the cowboys and settlers on the other, for two or three years past. About three weeks ago a sheriff attempted to arrest two Indians at the White River Agency; whereupon Chief Colorow, who is sixty-five years old, but "spry," resisted, and went on the warpath with forty or fifty well-armed bucks. The sheriff, with a posse of men, gave chase, which they have kept up ever since, and killed a number of Utes. Then the settlers at Meeker, and the sheriff himself, became alarmed, and Governor Adams reluctantly sent out the militia. The chief concern of the Indians, however, seems to have been to get away; and long before the militia came up the Ute leaders had held a parley with the whites, asking fifteen days in which to gather their stock, care for their wounded, and leave the State. It is claimed that Colorow's real object is to enlist neighboring tribes, and precipitate a war; but up to the present writing the white settlers have not suffered. If, as General Sheridan calculates, the Utes in Utah and Colorado hold reservations to the amount of over 5,000,000 acres, a large and valuable portion of which is "superfluous," the whites are no doubt interested in forwarding a course of matters which threatens to drive the Indians away at the bayonet's point.

IT appears that the New York Historical Society is likely to lose a gift of \$100,000 for a new building because the members have failed to raise the \$300,000 additional required by the person who was desirous of helping an organization which seems too slothful to help itself. Its dingy, overcrowded building on Second Avenue contains the finest collection of old paintings in this country, one which would be of inestimable benefit to art students, artists and the public, if it could be properly seen. In addition to examples of the famous schools of art history, there are valuable specimens of early American art, important portraits, and Egyptian and Assyrian antiquities, in addition to historical relics and the library. These treasures are practically inaccessible. The Bryan, Reed and Durr collections of paintings were given with the expectation that the public would be benefited. Yet these pictures have been left in dark, narrow galleries, where they cannot be seen, and they are undergoing serious injury from furnace heat and gas. Visitors are debarred by red-tape regulations, and thus a collection unequaled here is made useless. Year after year the Society has sleepily discussed the advisability of obtaining new and adequate quarters, but nothing has been done, and even the generous gift referred to will probably be forfeited by November 1st through the inertia of the members. Yet this Society includes the wealthiest men in New York, and it is estimated that the gift of one day's income from all the members would erect a magnificent new building. Such indifference and neglect show a culpable want of public spirit; indeed, a want of a proper sense of moral responsibility.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 23.



BRAZIL.—EMPEROR DOM PEDRO II, NOW IN EUROPE.



HOLLAND.—REPRODUCTION OF A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY MARKET-PLACE, AT THE AMSTERDAM EXPOSITION.



EAST INDIES.—A CEYLON SURF-BOAT.



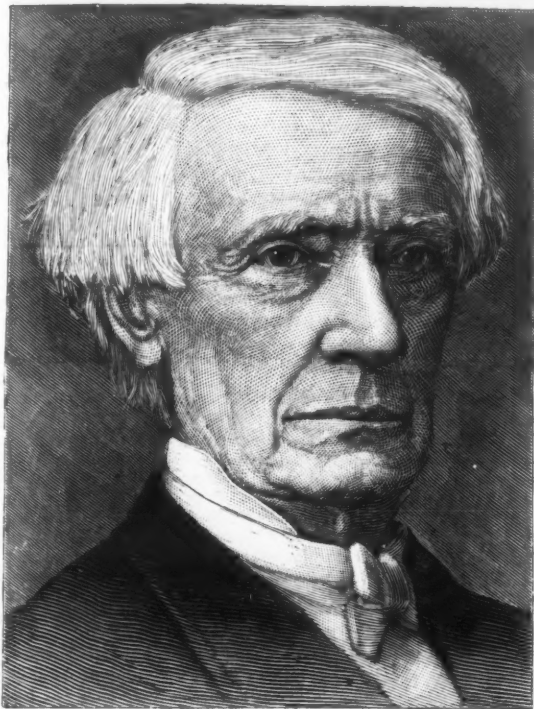
FRANCE.—PERFORMANCE OF GOUNOD'S "JEANNE D'ARC" MASS, IN THE CATHEDRAL AT REIMS.



IRELAND.—POLICE POSTING THE CRIMES ACT PROCLAMATION, AT LIMERICK.



SCOTLAND.—THE NEW TAY BRIDGE, AT DUNDEE.



NEW YORK.—THE LATE DANIEL CURRY, D.D., LL.D.
PHOTO. BY LANDY.

THE FIREMEN AT TROY.

THE fifteenth annual convention of the Firemen's Association of the State of New York was held at Troy on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of last week. Fully 10,000 firemen, representing about seventy-five cities and towns, attended the sessions. They were received with cordial hospitality, and the city virtually made a four-days' festival of their visit. Races, prize drills, engine contests, concerts and parades made up a brilliant programme. After the business session on Wednesday, there was a grand "fireworks parade" in the evening. The glowing spectacle presented by this parade as it passed the City Hall is chosen for our picture. A second parade, on Friday afternoon, brought out all the 10,000 firemen, with their "machines," in an imposing march. This parade was the occasion of the distribution of a large number of special prizes to foremen, companies, delegates, drum majors, marshals, engineers, etc., and for handsome or venerable engines and trucks. The oldest "machine" in Troy, and probably in all the United States, was the famous "Old Black Joke," which in 1890 will celebrate its centennial anniversary. This ancient pump formed an instructive contrast to the elaborate and efficient equipments of the firemen of to-day.

At the business session on Wednesday the Association decided to hold the next annual convention at Cortland. George W. Irish, of Cazenovia, was elected Secretary of the Association by a unanimous vote; T. J. Armstrong, of Jamaica, was elected to succeed James S.

Murphy as President by a vote of 164, to 59 for James H. Lloyd, of Troy; and J. D. Norris, of Garnerville, was re-elected Treasurer. On Friday, when Governor Hill reviewed the grand parade, the crowds were almost unprecedented, there being over 30,000 strangers in Troy. The Volunteer Association, of New York, won the first prize for having the finest hand-engine in line. The Exempt Association, of Brooklyn, E. D., carried off the prize for having the greatest number of men in line. They had 213 men. The Citizens' Hose Company, of Catskill, won the prize for being the finest-appearing company in line. In the prize-drill contest, the Durkee Hose Company, of Fort Edward, won first money, and the Brant Hose Company, of Brantford, Ontario, second.

THE SHERMAN BRIGADE REUNION.

THE reunion of the Sherman Brigade, at Crestline, O., passed off with success and enthusiasm last week, beginning on Tuesday, the 16th inst. The attendance was large, and the little town "did itself proud," say the participants, in the matter of hospitality and decorations. Wednesday, the 17th, was a great day, being the occasion of Governor Foraker's visit to the camp. The veterans met the Governor at the railroad station, on his arrival at 10 o'clock A. M., and escorted him to the Stahley residence. After dinner he was driven to the camp-ground, where he delivered his address, before probably five hundred people shielded by umbrellas—for a rain had set in, breaking the long drought. The Governor spoke upon several topics—war stories, the flag question, and hovered on the environments of politics. He said that the Soldiers' Home at Toledo would be ready for dedication next year, and he thought that he could do that better than Powell.

The Governor's address consumed about two hours. General W. H. Gibson followed him with a few short remarks. General Gibson was entertained by J. Babst, President of the Committee on Arrangement. Hon. T. E. Powell, the Democratic candidate for Governor, and Hon. Geo. E. Seney, made speeches on Thursday, giving the veterans a chance to hear from the other side.

THE DEAD HEROES OF THE ST. LOUIS FIRE.

ON the morning of the 10th inst. a five-story building occupied by Bishop & Spear, nut dealers, on North Second Street, St. Louis, was destroyed by fire; and by the falling of its walls three firemen were killed, while two others were seriously injured. The names of the three men who lost their lives in the performance of their duty were respectively Christopher Hoell, Barney McKernan, and Frank McDonald. After the interior of the burning warehouse had fallen in, McKernan and McDonald mounted a tall ladder with a section of hose. Hoell, who was well-known as a "pompiere" teacher and patentee of the belt and ladder used in that system, was on the sidewalk beneath the wall erecting a short ladder to the second story. He was assisted by one of his men. Suddenly the north wall came down, carrying a section of the adjoining grocery building with it. This forced the front wall out, and it collapsed in a cloud of dust, burying the firemen and the truck. The spectators dashed up and down the street, but one, James O'Brien, was caught and fatally injured. The bodies of McKernan and McDonald were first recovered, and both were mutilated in a horrible manner. Two firemen were dug out alive, but dangerously injured. It took two hours' digging to recover Hoell's body, and he was found dead, with both hands clasped about the nozzle of his hose. The dead firemen were buried with honors on the 13th inst.

"Chris" Hoell, as he was called, was well-known in New York and other cities, where he had personally introduced his

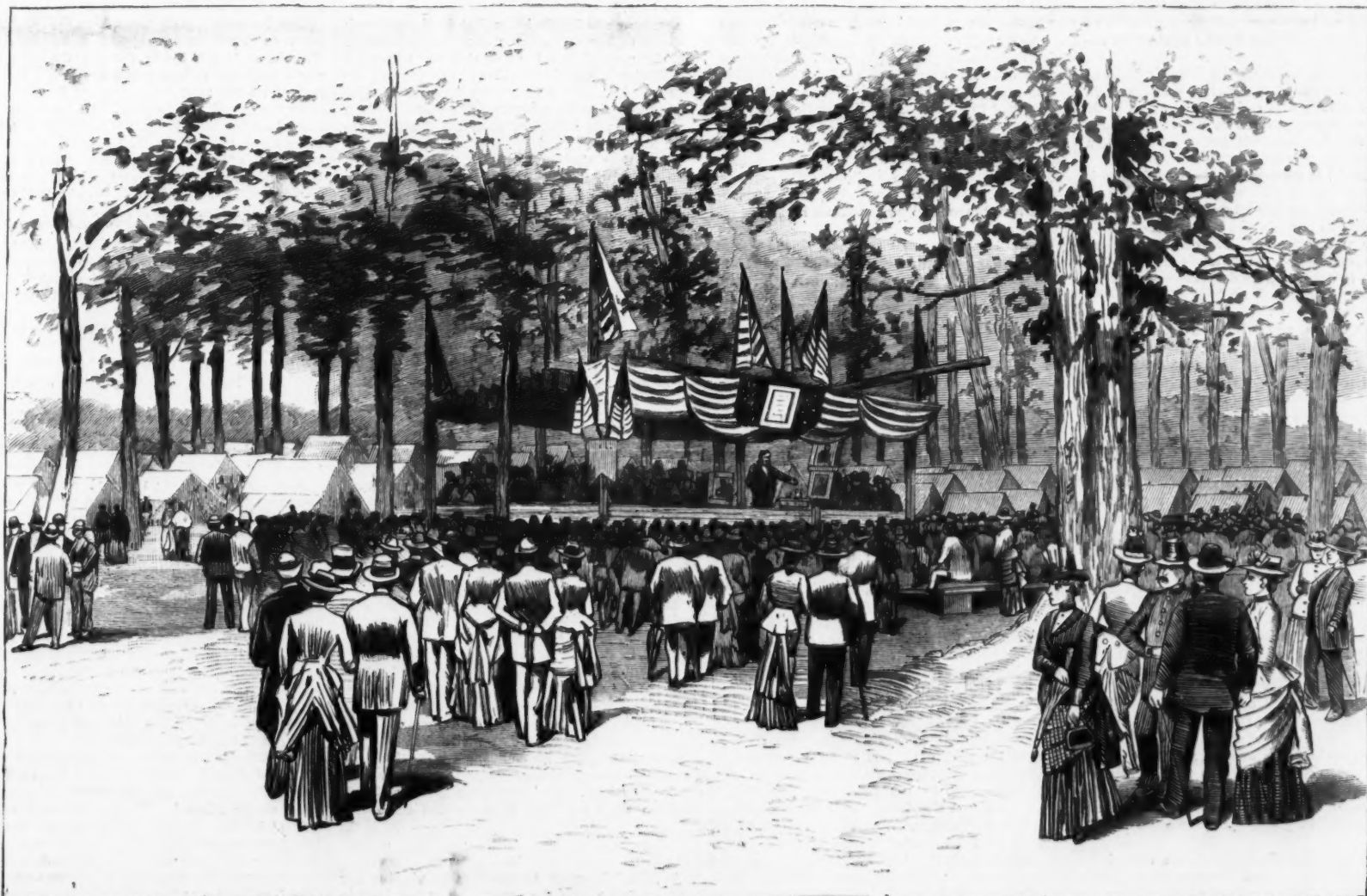


MISSOURI.—THE LATE CHRISTOPHER HOELL, FOREMAN OF THE POMPIERE SERVICE OF THE ST. LOUIS FIRE DEPARTMENT.
PHOTO. BY F. W. GUERIN.

system. He was the founder of the St. Louis "pompiere" corps, and when the system proved a success he traveled over this country and Europe teaching it. He served since 1877, and leaves a widow and five children.

THE LATE DR. DANIEL CURRY.

BY the death, on the 17th of August, of the Rev. Daniel Curry, D.D., LL.D., the Methodist Episcopal Church has lost a distinguished theologian and a prominent author and editor. Dr. Curry was born near Peekskill, N. Y., November 26th, 1808. His early education was acquired at White Plains, N. Y., whence, in 1835, he went as a student to Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn. So close was his application, and so remarkable his quick perception in study, that he succeeded in graduating in 1837, thus completing his course in one-half the time prescribed. For four years after his graduation from college Dr. Curry acted as Principal of the Troy Conference Seminary. He then removed to Macon, Ga., where he entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church; and he was successively in charge of congregations at Athens, Savannah and Columbus. The great conflict over the slavery question was then going on, and in 1841, when the difficulties arose which resulted in a division of the Methodist Church and the formation of the Methodist Church South, Dr. Curry, who was ever a fervent advocate of abolition, returned to the North,



OHIO.—REUNION OF SHERMAN'S OLD BRIGADE AT CRESTLINE, AUGUST 16TH-19TH.—GOVERNOR FORAKER ADDRESSING THE VETERANS.
FROM A SKETCH BY FRENCH BROS.

and continued to use his voice and pen against slavery, in the company of Garrison, Whittier and Phillips. Entering the New York East Conference in 1844, he held appointments in New York, New Haven, Hartford and Brooklyn until 1864, with the exception of two years, during which he was President of Asbury (now De Pauw) University in Indiana. As a *litterateur*, Dr. Curry first attracted general attention by his notes on Southey's "Life of Wesley," and his review of Boswell's "Life of Johnson." His writings in addition to his editorial work, consisting of reviews and essays, have received a warm welcome from the reading public by reason of their vigor and versatility. From 1864 to 1876 Dr. Curry was editor-in-chief of the New York *Christian Advocate*, and, after that time, of the *National Repository* through its eight volumes up to 1880. At the time of his death he was editor of the *Methodist Review*, a bi-monthly publication.

Dr. Curry has been for many years a recognized leader of Methodism. Prominent in its councils and foremost in its aggressive measures, he has not infrequently attracted attention by his attacks upon the existing church polity. Since 1848 he has continuously been a delegate to the General Conference of the Church. As a manager of the Methodist Episcopal Missionary Society his policy has been characterized by intelligence and breadth, and this is equally true of him in his connection with all the other benevolent organizations of the denomination. He was a keen controversialist and a ready debater. He expressed his convictions, either with tongue or pen, with a boldness, intensity and force that compelled his antagonists to flee or fight. In appearance Dr. Curry was a tall, spare man, with a smooth-shaven, kindly face. His manners were suave and dignified, and he had a large circle of personal friends. He belonged to an unusually vigorous and long-lived family, three of his ancestors who were the first settlers in the neighborhood of his birthplace having lived to an average age of over ninety years. Dr. Curry himself retained all the brilliant qualities of his vigorous intellect to the very last. Had he lived until next February he would have celebrated his golden wedding.

MOODS.

PESIMISM.

THE world grows cold as the world grows old,
For tender are hearts of men,
And the warmth that is lost in a cruel frost
Will never be found again.

OPTIMISM.

The world grows sweet as the centuries meet,
For Faith and Hope still sing;
Their voices soar above the tempest's roar:
"Love is eternal king!"

EMMA C. DOWD.

JACK'S LUCK.

BY MARGUERY.

A LOW cottage-house, facing the south, so that the fitful rays of the November sun shone into the small old-fashioned windows. A green door at the front, in vivid contrast to the weather-stained building, was used in common by the families that occupied the dwelling, while at both sides were entrances private to each. A little strip of green, with a few lilac-bushes near the gate, intervened between the house and the street, while at the back was a vegetable garden, from which one could step out on to the beach, strewn with seaweed, and scattered with pebbles and little shells. Here, when the wind was strong, dashed the great breakers, white with foam, bringing up sand and stones from the depths of the sea, to form a natural barrier against its encroachments.

It is afternoon, and near the brightly polished stove in the kitchen of this little house is sitting a child of four years, rocking a rag-doll, while ever and anon she glances at the cradle where a baby is sleeping, unmindful of the clatter of a sewing-machine near the window.

Click! click! it goes, while the woman who is using it works almost like an automaton, so precise and regular are her movements; she hardly seems willing to breathe, but stitches away seam after seam, unconscious of all about her. On one side of her, on the floor, is a pile of partly finished garments—wrappers, in trade parlance—while at the other are bundles of work, not yet touched. So Lizzie Briggs will work until daylight fades into night, when she will give the finishing touches to the garments she has been able to sew. But with every minute engaged, the care of her little ones gives her time to make but few garments, and the price paid for them is so very small that the sum gained in return for the waste of so much vitality and strength is pitifully meagre. The room gives evidence of a neat and careful hand. The yellow floor, but partly covered with braided mats, is exquisitely clean, the stove bright and shining; in the windows bloom a geranium or two, and the little girl, whose garments are old and faded, is clean and sweet-looking.

But even the small price Lizzie receives for her work is thankfully earned, although but little real money comes to her—her employer paying her in groceries at highest market rates, thus making two profits on his venture. But should his victim complain of this, there are others ready and anxious to take the work; although Lizzie is one of the smartest women he employs. For all signs pointed to a hard winter in the little fishing village of Barr. The factory, in a town six miles away, where many had been accustomed to work, had been closed on account of serious strikes among the workmen in another and larger place. The fishing-vessels had gone to the Banks overcrowded with men, some hired as the regular crew, and others on their "own venture," to share in the "catch" they might be fortunate enough to get.

Jack Briggs, Lizzie's husband, was one of the latter, and as "Jack's luck" was proverbial in the village, he was gladly accepted as an addition to the crew of the *Lapwing*. He had been gone a month, the vessel had been spoken, but no special word had come to the waiting ones at home.

When Lizzie Smith married Jack Briggs, everybody had wondered at the match. For Jack was a merry, light-hearted, fun-loving fellow, always the life of every company, and smart either at work or play, while Lizzie was quiet and sedate. She was an orphan, and had lived with her aunt, the owner of the little cottage, and the occupant of the "other part." Her father had been lost at sea, in a voyage "up the Straits"; her mother, never very strong, had not long survived him, and dying, left the little girl in charge of her oldest sister. And so Lizzie had grown up "an old maid's child," as the neighbors called her. At the age of twenty she had married Jack Briggs, and they had set up their humble household gods in Aunt Polly's spare part of the house, and become her permanent tenants.

Jack was a smart workman, as I have said. Lizzie was very prudent, and now, at the end of five years, when the strike threw him out of work, they had two hundred dollars in the bank, Jack a good berth in the *Lapwing*, and Lizzie, whose sewing-machine had been her only dowry, earned enough in his absence to feed her little ones, so that the precious "nest-egg" might not be disturbed.

The outer door opens, but the noise of the machine prevents her hearing it, and she does not stop sewing until a voice says:

"Now, Lizzie, do stop a minute; you'll kill yourself with work. I've come in to supper with you."

"Well, Aunt Polly," said she, "I guess it is time to stop. It's most dark, but I wanted to stitch this last seam before the baby woke up. He has slept real good to-day and I have done a lot."

"Do stop now, anyhow, Lizzie, and if baby wakes up I can hold him. I know your boss didn't come to-day, so I brought in a drawin' o' tea and this little pie. Guess you've got bread enough."

"Oh, thank you, Aunt Polly! I shall relish a good cup o' tea. I am all out of it."

"Well, you just finish that seam, and I'll make the tea for you," said Aunt Polly. But before she could resume her work they heard a knock at the front door, an unaccustomed sound in that primitive village, where the neighbors generally entered, without knocking, at the kitchen-door.

Aunt Polly answered the summons, and at the door stood a man about sixty years old, in the garb of a sailor.

"Sakes alive!" exclaimed Aunt Polly. "Is that you, Cap'n Spear?"

"Yes, Miss Ball, it's me. Is Miss Briggs to home?" And without waiting for a reply, he pushed open the door, entered the house, followed by the old woman, and went out into the kitchen, where Lizzie sat.

On seeing him she sprang to her feet and said: "Oh, Cap'n Spear, where is the *Lapwing* and my Jack?"

"Sit down, Lizzie," said the old man; then, seating himself near her, he said, solemnly: "The *Lapwing* is high and dry in Port Prince, Novy Scooshy. Yes, Lizzie, my vessel has been taken by them cursed Bluesoes, and I had to borrow money 't git home."

"And where is Jack?" she said; "and what do you mean? How could they take the *Lapwing*?"

"Lizzie, have you forgot the new law them Kanucks have made? If we go nearer than three miles to the shore, they can nab any Yankee craft?"

"Yes, yes," said she, "I had forgot it. Oh! what bad luck for you, Cap'n Spear. But tell me, where is Jack?"

The man rose to his feet, took the cap from his head, went to the stove, and lifting the cover, expectorated a huge quid of tobacco into the fire; then, with a sudden deference to one "clothed in the dignity of woe," said solemnly, in a low tone, "Miss Briggs, Jack is gone."

She started to her feet, and grasped his arm.

"Where? Gone where? Tell me?"

"He's dead, ma'am."

She fell back into her seat, and stared at him with wide-open eyes; her cheeks grew pale, and the color forsook her lips, leaving them white and bloodless.

Aunt Polly cried out:

"Oh! Cap'n Spear, you don't mean it. Tell us, oh! tell us about it."

Lizzie said nothing, but sat with her eyes fixed upon his face. The captain sat down again, put his cap on his head, took out some tobacco, his evident solace, bit off a large piece and then said: "Miss Ball, I ain't no hand 't break bad news, I know. I ain't even been home 't see my folks, but I come right here 't tell Lizzie, and naow I dunno how to do it."

"Tell me, Cap'n Spear," murmured Lizzie.

"Wal, I'll begin at the beginnin'. We had a good run-down 't the fishin'-ground, but at first they didn't bite very good, but Jack, he said, they'd sure ter, 'cause his luck never went back on him. Wal, pooty soon they did bite tremendous. We didn't have no great lot o' bait, 'cause we kalkerated to buy some from them Bluesoes there; they'd starve to death if 'twan't fur Yankee dollars, and generally they come out in their boats with plenty on it; but somehow or other, this time we didn't run afoul of any 'em, and the men got riled, and wanted to use up the salt pork. Finally they wouldn't wait no longer, and as we was only a few miles from Port Prince, they said they'd draw lots 't see who should go ashore in the dory, git some bait, and ingage some o' the Bluesoes to bring us out a lot. Wal, it fell 't Jack and that Swede that lived to Farmer Pierce's last Summer. Jack was mighty tickled 't go. Reckon he wanted 't send you a letter or somethin', and the last words he said as they rowed off was, 'I'll git it, boys; Jack's in luck, you know.' Wal, they hadn't been gone an hour, when the wind shifted, and brought down that pesky fog that lives on the Banks. We didn't think much about it at first, for we all thought

'twould git lighter after a while; but after they'd been gone four or five hours we began to git scared. 'Twas thick, I tell ye, and we kept the horn a-blowin' so they might know where we was. The night come on, and no dory. The fog had lifted before dark, but we couldn't see 'em. It began to blow hard, and I told the men I was goin' 't run the reek and make for the harbor; p'raps we might overhaul 'em on the way. We got under way, but it come on to rain and blow harder; we couldn't heave to, 'twas too rough, and we was 'fraid we might swamp her, so there was nothin' 't save us from goin' head on to the rocks but 't make for the Port. I s'pose I've been in there, boy and man, a hundred times, afore they passed these pesky new laws, and I know the way as well's I do into Barr here, and I reckoned they wouldn't grab us when we put in from stress o' weather and 't look for our men. We made the Port all right, but by daylight next mornin' them custom-house officers was aboard of us, and the *Lapwing* and her cargo was seized. Our counsel down there couldn't do a thing for us, but told me I'd got 't grin and bear it, and that I'd oughter be glad 't git off with a whole hide. I staid there the biggest part of a week, tryin' 't git satisfaction, but 'twan't no use, and the day afore I come off one o' their vessels picked up the *Lapwing*'s dory outside. They found her bottom side up'ards."

He needed to say no more, for that was convincing proof that poor Jack was lost. Still Lizzie sat with staring eyes, and said not a word. The captain continued:

"I borrowed money 'nough 't git home, and here I be, but the men 'll have 't work their passage best way they can; but, Lizzie, hard as 'tis for an old man like me 't lose his vessel, all he's got in the world, I'd rather anything than bring you sech news. Miss Ball, do look at her. Is she a-goin' 't faint?"

Her aunt shook her lightly by the shoulder.

"Lizzie, Lizzie, you scare me!"

"Oh, aunt, my Jack! my Jack!" But no tears came to her eyes, the terrible news seemed to have stunned her. The captain said no more, but with a subdued "Good-night," left them to bear their grief alone. The little girl, frightened by her mother's strange looks, crept into her aunt's arms, and sobbed softly. The baby awoke and cried; Lizzie took him in her arms, and sat down to hush him. Terrible sorrow had come to her, but she could not weep. As she sat by the fire, her little one in her arms, the sense of loss came with full force to her. The dreary November wind was sighing about the little house, the sea was moaning and dashing upon the beach. Its noise made her shudder. It was her dear Jack's grave. Her bright, her bonny, joyful husband, who brought sunshine with him always. Ah, what a cruel sea to swallow up so much of gladness and life! It grew dark, and Aunt Polly, who had been quietly weeping in one corner, rose to her feet, put the little girl beside her mother, lighted a lamp and made some tea.

"There, Lizzie," she said, taking some to her, "you must drink this. Now don't say you won't—you must. Think of the dear children. I remember when they brought the news of your father's loss just how your mother took it, and it killed her. Now, Lizzie, do take on and cry; you'll feel better so. Death's terrible, but we've all got it to bear."

Yes, how well Lizzie knew that death, and such a death as her husband's, was no uncommon lot. Ah, she remembered too well that one storm the last Winter had made six widows in their own little village, while in a larger town more than twice that number had been bereft, while many children had been made fatherless when the fishing-boats were lost.

Alas! they that go down to the sea in ships take their lives in their own hands, and in the cases of these poor fisher-folks have more than the elements to contend with, when the flag for which so many of them fought in our last great war fails to protect them in their peaceful avocation.

So Lizzie took up the burden of her lonely, toilsome life. For now she was the sole support of her little ones. The small fund in the bank must be saved for sickness or old age. She must work harder than ever to keep the gaunt wolf, hunger, from the door. She could make but little change in her dress. A black ribbon to her bonnet and an old black dress of her mother's were the only articles of mourning she could afford for her loved one.

These Aunt Polly arranged the next day, and when the neighbors came with their condolence, Lizzie hardly left her work to see them, but Aunt Polly did the sad honors of the occasion.

"She was always odd," they said. "She ain't half so bad off," said another, "as poor Miss Jenkins is, that lost her husband and both her boys last Winter in the big storm." And so they gossiped, as the world will do over our most sacred griefs.

I have heard it said that the poor have no time for sorrow, they must work, and grief is not so hard for them to bear as for the rich, who have naught to do but mourn.

But think how it must be to have added to the sense of terrible loss the feeling that only one feeble pair of hands is between the little ones and starvation; that not only must every nerve be strained to fill the hungry mouths, but the responsibility of training the children into God-fearing men and women is a heavy load for any woman to carry alone. Ah! the poor have a double burden when crushing bereavements come.

II.

A GREAT ocean steamship was plowing her way through the water, tossing her head in defiance of the elements, for steam could conquer nature, and the *Thebes* would this time make the quickest trip to Boston on record. Helms were

three to one in the smoking-room, and no takers. It was late in the season for the Summer birds of passage. They had flitted home last month, but still the ever-popular and cordial Captain Kitrell had his usual complement of passengers, who had waited to cross with him. It was rather chilly to sit on deck, but still the young folks liked it, and gathered in groups near the captain's cabin, to leeward, where they enjoyed themselves in good fashion. The belle of the ship, as she was everywhere, was Rose Bowman, of Beacon Street, Boston. She and her mother had been making a rather extensive tour of the Old World, and were now en route for home. Rose was a bright American girl; handsome, impulsive, warm-hearted, and the greatest flirt on record. In her seemingly unconscious fashion, she had broken hearts in every city in Europe, as a child breaks toys, and was now going home with two devoted lovers in her train.

Charles Sidney, an Englishman, ordered to report at the Embassy at Washington, had accepted his sentence of exile with good grace, for he had arranged to cross in the *Thebes* with Miss Bowman and her mother; and he had been for six months devotedly in love with the fair American (and the immense fortune she was supposed to possess). Rose seemed to enjoy his society and the attention he paid her, but never let him come to the point, and the question he had been trying to ask for several weeks hung on his lips unsaid. But her other admirer was of different stamp. Hector Williams she had known from childhood, for they had been neighbors at home. Together they had danced at Papanti's when they were children, and Hector had been her escort at every Harvard class-day since she put on long dresses.

He was a splendid specimen of young manhood—tall, and with a superb figure, an athlete at college, a daring swimmer, and the stroke of the boat's crew that won the university race. An enthusiast in his profession—that of medicine—he had received a diploma from the medical school at Harvard, but before taking a practice had gone abroad for three years' study. Meeting Rose and her mother during the Summer, he naturally became a sort of escort to them. He had always thought of Rose as his future wife. No plan of life had seemed complete without her; but since his absence from home she had grown from a pretty, unconscious schoolgirl into a fully equipped society belle. He, too, had tried to ask for her affection, and to tell her all his projects for future usefulness. But she either met his advances with joking and laughter, or prevented a *tele-à-tête* by every means in her power; and since they had started for home, the constant attentions of Sidney had caused Hector to feel some severe pangs of jealousy.

The weather had grown dull, and they were entering the region of fogs, always the bane of ocean traveling. The dismal "Toot! toot!" of the rasping, warning whistle was heard almost incessantly, and was an added agony to those suffering from seasickness. But Rose was never ill at sea, and wrapped in a waterproof and rugs, was half reclining in a chair on deck, enlivening her companions with her merry chatter. Sidney was hanging over her, devotedly attentive to every word that issued from her lovely mouth. Hector stood a little apart, his eyes fixed upon the water. Suddenly the fog lifted, and he saw, not half a mile away, a small boat tossing on the waves. Before he could speak, the officer on the bridge had seen it also, and had leveled his glass in that direction. At first it was thought that the boat was empty, but suddenly two men rose to their feet and were seen to gesticulate frantically to those on board the steamer. All the passengers rushed to the side of the vessel to see the poor waifs upon the water. The electric signal was heard, the officer ordering the engines stopped. While they were looking at the boat, one of the men jumped overboard as if to swim to the ship. His sudden action upset the little craft and precipitated his companion into the water. The first man sank at once, but the second struck out manfully for the steamer. In the meantime preparations had been made for lowering a boat.

Hector, who had taken a glass the better to see the castaway, suddenly exclaimed, "That man can't live till the boat gets to him," and threw off his coat.

"No, poor devil," drawled Sidney, "it's all up with him, I fancy. What are you about, Williams?"

"I'm going for him," said Hector, who now stood in his stocking feet upon the deck.

"Don't be such a fool, Williams," said Sidney. "You'll be drowned, too."

Rose sprang to him; two loving arms, encumbered by waterproof and shawls, were about his neck, and a voice whispered in his ear:

"Don't go, Hector, darling. I shall die if you do, for I love you."

He paused only an instant, then pressed a kiss upon her lips, and saying, "You could not love a coward, Rose; but there is no danger," jumped upon the railing, and plunged into the sea.

Rose hastily grasped a life-preserver in each hand, and threw them after him; he rose at once to the surface, and began treading water, for the sea was not rough, and wiping the brine from his eyes, the better to locate the man who was swimming towards him, but who was growing very weak, as the lookers-on could see.

One of the life-preservers came floating towards him, and Hector placed it about his neck and swam off. All this took much less time than it takes me to relate it. He reached the poor man just as he was sinking exhausted, gave him the life-preserver, and kept him above the water until the tardy boat arrived. This put back at once to the steamer, the dripping men were taken on board, while cheer after cheer rent the air in honor of the brave young American.

The ship's doctor tried to take the hero in charge, offering him stimulants, etc., but he

waved him off, saying, "See to that poor fellow, for he is nearly dead, I think," and before going to his stateroom, to change his clothing, caught Rose by the hand, and drew her down-stairs, where in the dark companion-way he slipped a ring from his own finger upon one of hers, saying:

"I must fetter you, or you will yet escape me." The doctor reported, on his return from the steerage, that the rescued man seemed a very intelligent sailor, who had gone from a fishing-craft in the little boat, and been lost in the fog. They had been out, he said, four days, without food, and had nearly perished with cold and hunger, when rescued by the *Thebes*.

And now there was talk enough on board the ship. Such an excitement as a rescue and an engagement rarely happens in one voyage, and you may be assured that in more than one journal a full and graphic account was written for the benefit of admiring friends at home.

And so the great ship steamed on, and was nearing land. It grew colder, and a change of weather seemed at hand.

"We shall be in in twenty-four hours," they said, and bets ran high as to the possible speed the ship would make during that time.

It was evening, and the fog was very thick. In fact the sun had not shone for several days, and the ship was running by dead reckoning. It was vastly amusing to some of the passengers to see them "heave the log" twice a day, but the older travelers knew how anxious the officers must be, as the ship was approaching a dangerous coast. It promised to be "a very nasty night," the first officer had said as he gallantly helped a lady down stairs. The captain was in his room, arranging his dress for a night on the bridge, for when land was near he "neither slumbered nor slept." Suddenly the whirling sound of the engine was still. The propeller vibrated no more in the water, the fog-whistle ceased blowing, the ship drifted at the mercy of the waves. A sudden knock on the captain's door—a head thrust in—a low voice said:

"The shaft has broken, sir."

"Give orders to set the sails at once," replied the captain.

"I have, sir; but it's very thick, sir." Now, if this were a novel I was writing, instead of a veritable account of what has been, I should say, no doubt, that the captain tore his hair and stamped with rage. But the fact is, I was sleeping quietly in my berth below, and did not awake, as did some of the passengers, when the engines suddenly ceased to act. My story of that dreadful night I got from the first officer, whom I met at a dinner party the following week in Boston. As half a dozen ladies were talking to him at once, my narrative is not very complete, but I will give you what I heard.

When the captain heard what the officer said to him, he commanded:

"Heave the lead, Black."

"Have done so, sir, and it's only—" (I don't know how many fathoms, but too few).

By this time the captain was on deck. It was the blackest of nights; the ship was drifting at the mercy of wind and waves. The sailors were hoisting the canvas, but the huge ship was unmanageable, and the water was breaking over her bows. As the noise of the engines had ceased, the wind could be heard whistling through the rigging, and a peculiar and ominous sound, like the breaking of surf upon the rocks, added to the perils of fog and darkness. It was a terrible situation, for, not knowing their exact whereabouts, the ship might drift upon the rocks, with its precious freight of souls, and all be lost. Guns were fired for a pilot, but no response was heard. Just at this moment the boatswain approached the captain, touched his cap, and said:

"Castaway below, sir, says h'as 'ow 'e knows this coast, sir; says h'as 'ow we's h'in very bad place, sir; says h'as 'ow 'e can pilot 'er h'in, sir," and having delivered this message, stood calmly waiting a reply.

"Send him up at once." The order was obeyed. The castaway was, as the doctor had said, a bright, intelligent-looking man, and answered the captain's questions quite readily.

"I think I know just where we are. We are off Barr, a little fishin' port about twenty-five miles from Boston, and one of the worst parts of the coast."

"How do you know this?" said the captain.

"Just afore it come on so thick, I see Burnet Light way off to the right there. Do you hear that noise, sir? That's the breakers on Big Boar's Back. I know this coast as well as I know my own mother, and if you drift in much further—and the wind is just right for it—you'll hear the bell on Little Boar's Back; but 'twill be too late then—you'll be in among the rocks."

I do not suppose the captain of an English steamer (where strict routine predominates) was ever talked to by an inferior in just such a manner; it must have taken him by surprise, for, forgetting his dignity, he said:

"What in God's name can I do, man?"

"Wal, sir, I wouldn't dare to say I could pilot you into Boston Harbor, for under sail this craft is hard to manage, but I can run you in to our little harbor at Barr, beach her on the sand there, and the tugs can get her off at high tide."

There seemed no alternative, and so the man followed the captain to the bridge, the sailors obeyed his orders, and the first officer told us all that but for the poor fisherman who managed that big vessel so skillfully—well, we might have all been food for the fishes.

III.

A WEEK had passed since Captain Spear had brought home the sad news of Jack's death. Lizzie had settled down into a state of apathetic sorrow. Her aunt had urged her to move into her part of the house, that their home might be

the same, and they could let the unoccupied half. But Lizzie would not consent to this. She could not bear to leave the little home where she had been so happy. So she worked and lived alone, with grief for her constant companion.

It had been a gloomy day, and as night came on the wind arose and blew the waves with great force upon the beach. The sound made Lizzie's heart ache. But this night, as she retired, a strange feeling took possession of her; the weight of sorrow she had borne seemed to pass away; a strange exultation filled her soul. "Am I going crazy?" she said. She had always been an imaginative girl. Her solitary life with her aunt had made her quiet, but her mind had sometimes revelled in thoughts foreign to her daily existence. She had been a great reader before her marriage, the village library amply supplying her wants. She remembered to have seen in one book an account of some spirit returning to earth, to visit the loved ones there. Ah! that was it. Her dear Jack had come to her, and though unseen, it was his sweet presence that warmed her soul. With this thought she lay down to rest. Tired out with her hard day's work, she was soon asleep, and did not hear the strong wind that whistled about her dwelling; and in dreams Jack was with her again, bright and merry as of old.

She was awakened by a loud knocking at the door. She rises hastily, and slips on her clothing. Daylight is struggling through the windows, and the storm has ceased. The knocking continues, and she hastens out of the room, fearing the children, who are quietly sleeping, may be aroused by the unaccustomed noise. Thinking it is some neighbor who needs her assistance, she opens the door quickly, and in the faint morning light sees her husband before her! Yes! it is Jack, and no spirit, for he takes her in his strong arms and kisses away the look of terror that blanches her cheek. If sorrow does not kill, surely joy gives life. Lizzie feels as if that terrible week of grief had never been, or only existed as some phantom of the night. Before Jack would explain anything to her, he drew her to the door and said:

"Look, Lizzie!"

And there, not half a mile away, high and dry upon the hard, sandy beach, was a large steamship, the like of which Lizzie had never seen.

"I brought her in," said Jack, "and I tell you they are grateful to me, for they'd been on the Big Boar's Back in an hour, and you know what that means."

Then he told her of his rescue, and the death of the poor Swede, his companion. Oh, what joy was in that little house that day! The whole village, turning out *en masse* to see the steamship, surrounded the cottage, and "Jack's luck" was again the theme of every tongue.

The passengers were conveyed to the city by rail, and the tugs, telegraphed for, soon towed the big ship away, as Jack had foretold.

The sum of money given Jack by the steamship company, and the handsome testimonial of the passengers, enabled him to quit the sea for ever, and with part of it he bought a small farm, with a large, old-fashioned house upon it. In winter he will be able to work in the factory, if it reopens; and in summer he can cultivate his land and help to entertain the boarders with which his house will be well filled. One of the most welcome guests will be Dr. Hector Williams, who declares he owes his wife and present happiness to Jack, for if he hadn't jumped overboard to rescue him, Rose would never have acknowledged her love for her husband.

"And the *Lapwing*?" you ask—(for I hope some of my readers are interested in the poor fisherman). She was sold at Port Prince to the highest bidder, and poor Captain Spear, in his old age, losing all he possessed in losing her, will be forced to work as a common sailor, and the few years left him must be passed in arduous toil.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL.

DOM PEDRO, Emperor of Brazil, in company with his consort Dona Christine, has been spending a part of his vacation from the cares of state at the Grand Hotel in Paris. The royal couple occupied apartments overlooking the Place de l'Opera; and the Emperor appeared to take as much pleasure in the amusements and sights of the gay capital as he did on his last visit, years ago. Personally, Dom Pedro is affable and unassuming. His interest in art, science and letters is very great, and while in Paris he spent much of his time at the sittings of the learned academies or in the laboratories of M. Pasteur. Poor health has compelled him to visit Carlsbad, to drink the waters, but he expects to return to Paris as soon as a cure is effected. On one of his visits to the opera he went behind the scenes with his grandson to see the working of the electric apparatus used for lighting the place. On another occasion he visited the *foyer de la danse* and the greenroom, where, on leaving, he was asked to sign his name in the opera register reserved for crowned heads and other cosmopolitan celebrities. With characteristic diffidence, instead of entering himself as "Emperor of all the Brazils" he took up a pen and signed, "Dom Pedro, Corresponding Member of the Academy of Sciences."

THE AMSTERDAM EXPOSITION.

The exposition recently opened at Amsterdam is devoted to alimentary commodities; and the organizers have adopted the happy idea of establishing, beside the main building, a Dutch marketplace of the middle ages. Around this are grouped a number of high-gabled constructions in the XVIIth-century style, with the most picturesque effect. Each of these edifices is a reproduction of some historic house in Antwerp, or Hoorn, or Worden, or Utrecht, or some other Dutch or Flemish town. They are filled with ancient furniture, pictures, Delft ware, coins and *bric-a-brac*, and constitute a most curious mediæval museum.

SURF-BOATS IN CEYLON.

The Ceylon surf-boats used by the fishermen have in themselves no stability, having only about

eight inches beam, and they are kept from capsizing by an outrigger. But in the event of a heavy squall, when the waves break heavily over the reefs, the outrigger is not sufficient to preserve the equilibrium of the boat, and one of the crew, acting as shifting ballast, perches himself on the outrigger. The severity of the gale determines the number of men required for this somewhat perilous position, and a "two-man breeze" is a rather serious thing. The boats are built in such a way as to make shallow-water sailing feasible, and they are somewhat graceful in construction and movement. Our illustration shows one of these boats passing a river-bar under sail.

GOUNOD AT REIMS.

Gounod's new Mass in memory of Jeanne d'Arc was presented in the Cathedral of Reims, in the presence of Cardinal Langenieux, the Papal Nuncio, and a great gathering of musical and ecclesiastical celebrities, on Sunday, the 24th ult. The composer himself conducted. The new work is characterized throughout by passages in which the melody is as marked as the monastic tone of the "Messe Solennelle." Palestrina has evidently been the composer's model. The Mass contains scarcely any instrumentation, with the exception of a regal trumpet accompaniment in the prelude, and some harp-playing in the "Benedictus." The "Gloria in Excelsis" is a tribute of Gounod to Sebastian Bach. His style, though copied with all the frank sincerity of a disciple, is, if possible, improved by the tone of solemn piety which the composer has given to the final "In Gloria Dei Patris." The "Sanctus" is an admirable short piece of vocalization, slowly progressing towards the "Benedictus," which is in the freer style of the composer of "Faust" and "Mireille." The "Agnus Dei" is pure Palestrina, and the Mass concludes with a wondrous outburst of serene harmony, symbolizing the prayer for peace contained in the "Dona Nobis." The offertory consists of a pastorate not contained in the printed copies of the work, but composed by Gounod himself, the theme being Jeanne listening to the Angelus bells and praying in her native Lorraine.

THE CRIMES ACT PROCLAMATION IN IRELAND.

The Irish Executive have, under the Crimes Act, "proclaimed" virtually the whole of Ireland, and now the National League itself is threatened. On the very day that the proclamations were issued Mr. Davitt made a defiant speech, and the National League ordered a collection in every Roman Catholic chapel in the Dioceses of Cork, Cloyne, and Ross, the proceeds to be paid into a special fund in aid of the execution of the Plan of Campaign. Last week, on the 17th inst., at the Limerick Sessions, three persons were sentenced under the Crimes Act, two to six months' imprisonment and one to four months', for resisting the sheriff.

THE NEW TAY BRIDGE.

The new railway bridge over the Tay estuary at Dundee, Scotland, replacing that destroyed in December, 1879, with a loss of ninety lives, has just been completed and opened for traffic. It has cost the North British Railway Company something over £670,000. The length of the viaduct is 10,780 feet, or over two miles, and there are 85 spans, 11 of which are 245 feet in length. The height above the water to the under side of the girders is 65 feet on the south side, 77 feet in the centre, and 16 feet on the north side of the river. The foundations of the piers are of solid brick and concrete, cylinders, arranged in pairs, and incased in wrought-iron caissons. Above the high-water mark, each pair of cylinders is united by a massive connecting piece of masonry, on the top of which are laid the iron plates forming the base of the graceful superstructure of iron.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Good carpets from common moss are the production of a French manufacturer.

MESSRS. EDISON and GILLILAND are at work upon some device which shall register a message coming by telephone. Valuable results may be expected.

JAVELLE-WATER, used to remove tea and coffee, grass and fruit stains from linen, is made thus: Mix well in an earthen vessel one pound of sal soda, five cents' worth of chloride of lime and two quarts of soft water.

MALLEABLE BRASS is made by forming an alloy of thirty-three parts of copper and twenty-five of zinc. The copper is first melted in a crucible which is loosely covered, after which the zinc, which has been purified by sulphur, is added.

One who claims to have tried it says that rubber may be fastened to iron by means of a paint composed of powdered shellac steeped in about ten times its weight in concentrated ammonia. It should be allowed to stand three or four weeks before being used.

FOR a quick filter take a clear piece of chamois-skin, free from thin places, cut it of the desired length, wash in a weak solution of sal soda or any alkali to remove the grease, and rinse thoroughly in cold water before using. Tinctures, elixirs, syrups and even mucilages, are (says a writer in the *Druggists' Circular*), filtered rapidly. A pint of the thickest syrup will run through in four or five minutes. By washing thoroughly after each time of using, it will last a long time.

AN electrical trumpet, which is expected to be very useful in signaling on ships, railways, etc., has been devised, and is described as consisting of a short brass tube mounted on wood and containing an electro-magnet whose ends face a vibrating plate, on which is fixed a small piece of soft iron. Against this plate-armature rests a regulating screw with platinum point, which serves for automatic interruption by vibration of the armature. With two Leclanche elements a musical sound is had, which may be varied in pitch, intensity and timbre by means of the screw.

A COMPANY has been organized in New Britain, Conn., to manufacture a newly invented engine. Case, the inventor, has spent fifteen years in developing his idea, and a few weeks ago solved the problem. With a few pieces of cast-iron he has constructed a ten-horse-power engine that is only eighteen inches long and eight inches wide, and which effectually does the work desired. All tests have been applied. Skeptical machinists who saw it at first refused to believe that there was not something concealed, as the engine hangs from the wall like a piece of shafting. It has been run for a low cost per day. Case was suddenly besieged by capitalists, and in a fortnight received \$10,000 for the refusal to form a company. Finally he was paid a large sum, and will eventually get \$50,000 in cash for his patents, and \$75,000 in stock which he could sell at par for cash.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE Russian Transcaspian Railway is completed from Chardjui nearly to Bokhara.

THE Democratic majority for Governor in Kentucky is officially reduced to 17,015.

THE tenth annual meeting of the American Bar Association was held at Saratoga last week.

NEXT year's meeting of the Association for the Advancement of Science will be held at Cleveland, Ohio.

NEARLY one thousand delegates attended the convention of the Society of American Florists at Chicago last week.

THE corner-stone of the battle monument at Bennington, Vt., was laid on the 16th instant with imposing ceremonies.

MEDICAL returns show that 70,000 persons died from cholera in the Northwest Provinces of India during June and July.

ONE THOUSAND houses and two churches in Sentari, opposite Constantinople, in Turkey, were destroyed by fire last week.

MELONS pay better than cotton in Georgia. Over a million have been shipped from Barnwell County alone, at a profit of \$50,000.

INVITATIONS have been issued for a reunion of ex-soldiers of the late war, Federal and Confederate, to be held at Evansville, Ind., from September 20th to 23d.

A STABLEMAN named Dean, in Boston, and a sister in Springfield, Mass., are said to be joint heirs to \$10,000,000 left by Thomas Dean, who recently died at Bonham, Tex.

AFTER Red Cloud's visit to the House of Commons he remarked that there was not a "scalp" to be seen from the gallery. Parliament is said to be much more bald than Congress.

A REMARKABLE case of catalepsy is reported from Joliet, Ill., where a female inmate of St. Joseph's Hospital has been asleep for seven months, with only two brief intervals of consciousness.

CARELESSNESS takes the lead in causing fires in New York city. Out of 706 fires which are recorded in the last quarterly report of the Fire Department, 385 are put down as the result of carelessness. Smokers were responsible for 59, and fireworks for 19.

A FRENCHMAN named Alphonse King recently accomplished the feat of crossing the Niagara River below the Falls on a water bicycle. The apparatus consisted of two long zinc cylinders for buoyancy, and the propelling power was a bicycle wheel with small paddles attached.

THE monks of St. Bernard have brought the telephone into their service of mercy. The famous hospice is now in telephonic communication with the Cantine de Proz and the village of St. Pierre, as also with the Cantine de Fontaine and the village of St. Chemey, on the Italian side.

THE largest single store building in America, a structure of seven stories in height, with a floor area aggregating seven and a quarter acres, will soon be under way in St. Louis. The principal front is designed to be 270 feet long, and to rise to the height of 125 feet above the pavement. The building will cost not less than \$600,000.

It is announced that four or five new fellowships have been endowed in Princeton College, and are now open for applicants. These fellowships provide for a four or five years' course of post-graduate study at Princeton under the direction of the Faculty. The courses are elective, in so far that the applicants may choose their own line of study, but the choice is of the whole course, and not of particular studies.

THE 38-mile race from Vineyard Haven to Brenton's Reef Lights, on Monday of last week, was won by the *Volunteer*, who thus added the Providence Cup to her trophies. The schooner *Sachsen* won the second prize, a cup similar to the *Volunteer's*, thus making a double triumph for Mr. Burgess, the designer of both the victorious yachts. On Tuesday the *Volunteer* won the Newport Cup contest—the final race of the New York Yacht Club's cruise.

THE Pennsylvania Republican State Convention held at Harrisburg, last week, nominated William B. Hart for State Treasurer and Henry W. Williams for Supreme Court Judge, and adopted resolutions in favor of the protection of home industries; of restoring the American merchant marine by the payment of bounties; of national provision for ex-veterans in absolute need; and declaring that the nomination of Mr. Blaine for the Presidency would give "high pleasure."

THE British Tories have sustained another decisive defeat. At the election in the Northwest Division of Cheshire, last week, the Gladstonian candidate was elected by a majority of 1,129, as against a majority for the Conservative candidate in the previous election of 458. The result has filled the Conservatives with consternation. It shows that the rank and file of the Liberal party are again behind their leader in solid column, as they were in 1880 and 1885. The Home Rule question, instead of alienating votes as it did last year, is attracting them, and thereby strengthening the party vote.

"MURDER, NOT ACCIDENT," is the headline placed by the *Tribune* over its report of the latest railroad "horror," this time in Washington. And this caption accurately describes the occurrence. A fast Baltimore and Ohio express train, upon which the air-brakes failed to work, ran at full speed upon a "Y" that branched from the main track by a 45-degree curve, and of course left the rails and was wrecked. As this "Y" has long been recognized as dangerous, and has been the scene of a previous accident, it would seem as though it was about time that somebody had an opportunity to meditate in jail upon the responsibilities of railroad management.

THE contracts for the five new iron ships, for which bids were recently opened, were awarded last week by the Secretary of the Navy. The two gunboats were awarded to the representatives of the Roach shipyard at \$490,000 each. The cruiser *Newark* was awarded to the Cramps at \$1,248,000, on the basis of modified plans for the machinery. The same firm obtained one of the 19-knot cruisers at \$1,350,000, with the understanding that they are to change the designs as suggested by them. The other 19-knot cruiser is allotted to the Pacific Coast, in conformity with the provisions of the Act of Congress. The work is equitably distributed among the three bidders, and no one has any cause for complaint.



THE NEW COMPETITOR FOR THE "AMERICA'S" CUP—ARRIVAL OF THE SCOTCH YACHT "THISTLE" IN NEW YORK BAY.
FROM A PHOTO.—SEE PAGE 26.



MAINE.—THE RANGELEY LAKES.—AN EVENING SCENE IN CAMP.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 24.

HIS MISSING YEARS.

By PROFESSOR CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE,

Author of "The Wages of Sin," "The Love and Loves that Jack Had," "The Shadow from Varraz," "The Man Outside," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.—A THREEFOLD CABLE—OF SAND!

THE two men looked at one another for a time, while silence held bound the faculties of both. Then, wearily but resolutely, Walldon said:

"Please talk again. You said there were some clues. What are they? How can you make them help me?"

"I do not know. I don't know where you went when you disappeared after your fall on the ice; I don't know with whom you have lived; I don't know the names of any you have loved or hated, nor those of any who cared for you or cursed you; I don't even know the name you had for twenty years. But I know how you returned; there is hope for us in that; shall I tell you how it was?"

"Yes."

Then Girtton told him of how he had come in, a wounded waif, on the night express.

"The great fear is that the blow gave you back your childhood's memory, and that it slew the memory of your later years at the same time. But you must try hard. Can you remember nothing of why you were put, maimed and almost murdered, on the night express?"

"Nothing."

"Nor of the guilty wretches who did it?"

"No."

"Try hard! It means the difference between vengeance and its failure."

"It is of no use. I do not know."

"Think of baffled Justice waiting vainly to mete out to them the punishment they deserve."

"I cannot help it. Your story might be a story of another man for all I know or can remember."

So Vengeance could find no satisfaction, Justice no way to judgment. The road must be under the shadows indeed, when Vengeance with his red hands, and Justice with her bandaged eyes, can find no thoroughfare.

"You were wealthy," said Girtton; "I doubt not you were wealthy. You had much money with you, that morning when we found you on the night express. You had a fine watch. You had jewels. Doubtless you have horses and lands, somewhere. Think! Where are they? What are they? What were you in the years which lie, desert-like and unfruitful, between the race with me and the present?"

Walldon's eyes glistened. Wealth is a grand thing. Money is a mighty power. It is hard, in a world where many men do not hesitate to sell their souls for money, to be told that you are rich—rich if you will only remember where you left your wealth, rich if you will but say a simple word or two, rich if you will but stretch out your hand and take your own—and have to say you cannot, cannot do it. Dark indeed has the road grown, upon which gold can cast no light. Rugged indeed must it be, when riches cannot smooth it.

Walldon covered his face with his hands. The tears fell fast from between his fingers. But he shook his head.

"I cannot answer your questions," he said; "I do not know."

Would honor have more power than money? Girtton could not know; "God knows," he said, in a whisper. Would courage, devotion, long-suffering, stir memories deeper than the love of money could fathom? Or, was the road to the lost years of Walldon's life still darker than he had thought? And was his hope based on less than he had dared to believe?

He opened the snowy nightshirt Walldon wore. He bared the scars of the wounds he bore. He put the mirror in his friend's hand again, and turned it so that he could not but see how he had suffered in the forgotten past.

"Think hard! How did you get them?"

Walldon's face flushed. He pushed away the mirror. He drew the garment over the unsightly scars.

"I do not know," he groaned, "and if they are an index of the manner of man I have been, I pray God I never may know."

"What do you mean?"

"That I should hate to learn that I had been an outcast—a man to engage in fights and brawls."

"You do not understand. You got them in the war."

"In the war? No, I do not understand. In what war?"

"In the war between the States. On which side did you fight? Think, if you never thought in all your life before; did you fight with the North, or with the South? Was your lot cast with the blue—or the gray?"

"I do not know. Was there war between them?"

"War? Merciful God! Is there, then, a man in America who cannot recall the horror of it? Cannot you find the missing clue? Will not a name help you? Cannot you tell me whether you fought with Grant—or with Lee?"

"Grant? Lee? Who were Grant and Lee? I never heard of them."

So honor, too, stood baffled, shut out from its dominion by the blow of some brute who was even safer than he would have been had he done the man he had assaulted the lesser evil of the two—and killed him.

"And love? Have you loved no woman in all these years? Have bright eyes looked no love into yours? Have soft tones never grown softer and sweeter for you? Are there no nights in your life across which the moon shines with a brightness moonlight will never have again? Is there—?"

"I don't know. I remember nothing. I do

not think I quite understand you. A lad of fifteen isn't like a man, I suppose, much as we used to like to think we were scarcely less than men."

He paused.

Alas for Walldon, and his missing years! When a human life has lost itself so fully that love is forgotten, it is almost time to lay the cold slab of forgetfulness and oblivion upon it. When a mind has fallen so far into the valley that love's light no longer makes beckoning beacons of the upper crags, it is almost time to turn away and leave it to its fate, writing "Hopeless" on the huge stone you find blocking the path where you are almost baffled—and where the weaker cannot come.

He paused.

And then, as though it were an afterthought, or an outgrowth of boyish modesty and hesitation, he said:

"Besides my mother, I never liked but one much; and that one wasn't a woman, any more than I was a man. I never saw brighter eyes; I never heard softer tones; I never knew qualities nearer perfection than hers."

"And she was—was—"

"Don't laugh at me, please. I suppose you would never agree with me. I mean Minnie Doilean."

Girtton groaned aloud. I suppose he couldn't help it. Whatever might be true of the mind of the man who had uttered those words, whatever might be its available memories or its usable experiences, they were the lips of a man, not of a boy, which had said them. Perhaps you, in Girtton's place, would have groaned; possibly you would have held yourself under too firm a self-control for that; I don't know; unless you have been tried by experience, I don't think you do. But Girtton groaned.

"I don't think Walldon noticed it. I don't think he noticed the sound from the library which caught Girtton's attention just then, and made him listen eagerly."

What was it? The sound? A long-drawn, high-pitched, and not unmusical snore! It appeared that the nurse, free from duty, had forgotten his curiosity—or shall we say his interest?—and had let late night lead his senses captive into the land of sleep. It was a relief and a comfort to Girtton to believe that. And his first keen suspicion had been that the sound was a laugh!

Girtton had changed the subject in his own mind, before he spoke again.

"You will wish to see your mother at once?" he asked.

"Certainly."

"She has been sent for. She has been told nothing of your unfortunate loss of memory. She has been told nothing more than that you have been found—found alive—and that you are sick and want her."

"And she is coming?"

"She is. I had a telegram from her less than an hour before I came in here. She is coming as fast as steam can bring her."

"I shall be glad, and—"

"You must expect to see her greatly changed. She was an old woman when you were last at home. That was almost twenty years ago, and she has had much sorrow. I want to prepare you fully for the interview with her. She is a very, very old lady, and a very weak one."

"I understand how that must be. I shall try not to seem shocked at any change I see in her."

"I didn't mean that. She is as likely to be shocked at the change in you, as you at those which have come to her. I mean that there must be some sort of an explanation given her, and that we must decide what it shall be."

"Decide? I don't think I understand you."

"No? I mean to ask you, shall we tell her the truth? Or shall we let her think you went away of your own accord? You know it was thought you had quarreled with some one, and had run away."

"No, I didn't know that. You must remember that I don't know anything which came after that catastrophe on the ice. Who was there I could have had trouble with? Who was named in what was said about it—or guessed regarding it?"

"There were several with whom you might have had trouble. There were several towards whom the surmises of the gossips were pointed."

"Exactly. Who were they?"

"Some said you had had trouble with the schoolmaster."

"Did they? He was the best man, other than my own father, that I ever knew. No one could have had a quarrel with him."

"Some said you had some difficulty with me."

"Impossible."

"And a few hinted at some misunderstanding at home."

"Impossible again. I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll let father into the truth of the whole matter. We'll let him tell mother what he thinks is best. We'll take his advice in this matter, just as I did in everything when I was a boy, and—"

"Paul, my dear young friend, I must hurt you again, and cruelly. You have no father, and—"

"No father? Is he dead? And he patted me on the head, and said good-night to me so kindly, only—only—Is it possible it was really almost twenty years ago? It seems like yesterday to me. Dead—dead—dead."

He wept silently. Girtton did not try to stop him.

"When—when did he die?"

"Ten years ago."

"And how? Why?"

"He was never the same man after you went away. I think he had a wonderful constitution. I think he lived long after another man would have died. But I think your loss killed him."

"Did it? How awful. Well, let us tell mother the truth—the whole truth—and nothing but the truth. It is the only honest way. What is there against it?"

"Nothing but its danger. The shock might kill

her. Wounded once on the ice, again two months ago, with twenty years gone out of your life, surely you would be a man to be anxious and sorrowful over. I like the honest way no less than you; I have no liking for any other way; I have thought sometimes, when I have pondered over this matter in the last few weeks, that it is the only safe way. But she long ago made up her mind that you went away purposely; she thinks there was a quarrel, and—"

"And you think it wise to do evil, that good may come from it?"

"I fear it is."

"Well, if it is best, if we find it so when she comes, we must be ready for all things. With whom did I quarrel?"

"Why not with me?"

"Sure enough; why not? So be it. I had a quarrel with you, and I left home on account of it. What was the quarrel about?"

"Why need that matter? It was something very trivial. I have forgotten what it was."

"Good. So have I. Your plan is excellent. When will she come?"

"To-morrow, I think."

"I shall be so glad. I shall find much good in life yet. Do you know anything of—"

"Let us stop now. We have talked long enough. You are tired, excited, unstrung. But, after all, you are the better for knowing the truth. It is late now. Let me call in the nurse. He'll shake up your bed and make you comfortable. I will give you a few drops of something which will make you sleep. In the morning we will talk again."

The doctor called the nurse, called him three or four times before the man came sleepily from his comfortable chair. The nurse fixed the bed. Girtton mixed the opiate he had promised.

"It is late," said the nurse, respectfully but firmly, "and you'll do neither of us any good by sleeping in the library to-night. Go up-stairs and go to bed; you'll not have an easy day to-morrow—not unless some of my plans miscarry," he added, to himself.

"Thank you," said the doctor; "you are kind and thoughtful. I think I will."

The nurse put the sleeping-potion on the table. He busied himself about his patient, doing those things which would have effectually prevented sleep in a man anxious for it and free from care, until he heard Girtton's slow steps go up the stairs, and the door of his room open and close. Then he took up the glass which contained the opiate, and bent over Walldon.

"You know about the lion and the lamb?" he asked.

"I—know—what?"

"About the lion and the lamb? In a quite abstract and impersonal way, I mean. Now you remind me of a lamb, lying there as innocent as a boy, in spite of your man's face and the few gray hairs you have."

Walldon smiled. He said nothing.

"And I'm like a lion. I'm rough and harsh and—"

"You've been gentleness itself with me," broke in Walldon.

"Have I? Perhaps so. At any rate, I haven't bored you; have I?"

"No."

"Nor refused to answer your questions?"

"No."

"No, indeed; and what is more, I shan't refuse."

"No? Did you hear our conversation—Girtton's and mine?"

"I did; I heard every word of it."

"Well, there is one question I did want to ask him. I was very anxious about it."

"Yes. I know. I say, though"—suddenly mocking Girtton's tone and manner—"you know we've talked long enough. You are tired, excited, unstrung. I say"—going back to his own tones again—"had you rather I'd give you this opiate, or answer your question?"

"I'd rather you'd answer my question."

"Wisely spoken, my friend the lamb. Bravely spoken, too, for a lamb. What was your question?"

"I wanted to ask him if he knew anything of Minnie Doilean."

"He does."

"Do you?"

"I do."

"What do you know of her?"

"That she is Thomas Girtton's wife!"

"His wife! I can never, never love him again."

"No; I should think you couldn't."

"I never wish to see him again."

"I should think you wouldn't."

"And I trusted him so—I loved him so—I took his care and his friendship so unthinkingly and so freely."

"I know it. But it wasn't your fault. Up to within a week you didn't know enough to have resented the presence of an enemy. I don't suppose you do yet, not if the enemy is as recent as within the last twenty years?"

"Of course not."

"And then you're such a lamb!"

"I—I suppose so. But please don't joke about the matter."

"Joke about it? Not for the world. I assure you, I am never more grave and serious than when I think of you."

"Thank you. I am indeed unfortunate. I haven't a friend in the world."

"No; I suppose you haven't. Would you take a friend's advice—if you had a friend?"

"Yes."

"And let him care for you? do for you? be all in all to you?"

"Certainly. Of what were you thinking?"

"Of the lion and the lamb—the friendless lamb."

"And—and—"

"And that, unless you could do better, I would

undertake the somewhat difficult office of friend for you."

"Thank you; thank you; you are too good."

"Oh, no; not too good."

"But I never knew just such friendship as yours."

"No; I don't think you ever did! You know the possibility, when one entertains a stranger, of entertaining an angel unawares?"

"Certainly."

"I never forget it. I never find a stranger—a friendless stranger—a lamb, as I may say—and fail to take him in!"

(To be continued.)

CAMPING BY THE RANGELEY LAKES, MAINE.

THE Rangeley Lakes, in the northwest corner of the State of Maine, within the borders of the great forest region, and at an elevation of nearly 1,500 feet above the level of the sea, are decidedly out-of-the-way, as regards the great routes of travel. It is this very remoteness which constitutes one of the great charms of the Summer resorts upon their romantic shores. The series consists of a number of distinct sheets of water, connected by streams, forming a continuous waterway fifty miles long, and embracing eighty square miles of water surface. The region is reputed to offer extraordinary attractions to sportsmen, trout-fishers and campers-out. Steamers navigate the lakes from Greenville to the foot of Umbagog. There are hotels, too; but many of the distinguished citizens of Maine who are old acquaintances at Rangeley prefer the forest primeval. Indian Rock, the present headquarters for sportsmen, was a favorite camping-ground of the Indians a century ago. How the white man tents it on this old camp-ground is better shown by our picture, "taken from life," than it could be by description.

THE BEAVERFOOT MOUNTAINS.

THE traveler who crosses the Rocky Mountains by the Canadian Pacific Railway is convinced that the engineers must have chosen not only the most practical, but the most beautiful, of all the passes, when they decided upon following the Kickinghorse. This river springs from beneath the glaciers of Mount Stephen, and rushes in one long cascade down to the westward.

At the base of the main range it finds itself in a broad depression, or great hollow, which has been filled up with the boulders, gravel and glacial mud brought down from the heights; until now the stream wanders in play-day leisure over wide and level flats.

Standing upon these willow-grown flats, or seated in a car upon the railway which skirts their border, you see ahead of you a line of mountains so isolated and bold in outline as to compel your admiration. This is the Beaverfoot Range, the subject of Mr. Frazer's fine illustration on another page.

It is the next range to that which forms the central watershed, and, like it, consists of quartzose and limestone rocks of very early geological age and tipped up towards the east, so that from this point of view we face the edges of the upturned strata. These present a line of mighty cliffs much like those along the western edge of the Bow River, and, like them, cut into a series of lofty promontories with profound gulches between, up which the eye penetrates to wastes of snow and half-hidden peaks, far in the rear.

As this is on the western slope of the range, more moisture falls than upon the eastern foothills, and a corresponding excess of snow is noticeable. This is heaped in huge piles upon their heads, and spreads far backward to where the bulky mass of the range joins into a continuous, serrated barricade. It streams downward in the gulches and feeds glaciers whose grayish forms show plainly how far downward they extend. It lodges all along the ledges, barring the fronts of the crags with level lines of white, and bringing out distinctly every bare pinnacle or cliff-face.

Sometimes the whole breadth and height of this noble range glows with unhindered sunshine; but often there is an incessant outpouring of little clouds of evaporating snow, which rise in white flocks, like swarms of gigantic birds, and float slowly away from the peaks to disappear in the clear sky; or long thin clouds may settle half way down their sides and hang motionless for hours in the great gorge whence the Beaverfoot River comes down to the Kickinghorse, while the peaks are sharply outlined against the azure sky.

The view of the great gorge between the Beaverfoot Mountains and Mount Stephen is one of the grandest pictures along the line; while opposite, north of the Kickinghorse, the eye wanders over a perfect wilderness of icy peaks and unmeasured snowfields, culminating in the fine cone of Mount Field, 12,000 feet in height. If you should climb some one of the lofty spurs that invite the exertion, you might add scores of new peaks to this view, and catch sight of the far taller summits of Mount Murchison and his fellows, northward, whose glacial brows are raised sixteen thousand feet above the sea.

West of the Beaverfoot Range another singularly jagged and interesting line of summits runs parallel with it, and it may be that some would think the view from that direction the better one, but certainly it is not so imposing as the picture from the flats of the Kickinghorse, where the whole mighty height of the cliffs confronts you.

The Kickinghorse River forces its way out of the mountains, west of the Beaverfoot, by a cañon through the flanking range of bristling summits before mentioned. So narrow, tortuous and steep is this cañon, that the river is a boiling torrent the whole way, and the railway, carried close along its cascades, has often to resort to tunnels and deep cuttings in order to follow. At the lower end a narrow gateway gives an exit, and then the traveler finds spread before him the broad valley of the Columbia, bounded by the splendid wall of the Selkirk on the opposite side.

ARRIVAL OF THE "THISTLE"

THE apprehensions manifested in some quarters that the Scotch cutter *Thistle* would not weather her ocean voyage in safety were happily dispelled when that gallant craft made her appearance outside of Sandy Hook early on the morning of Tuesday, August 16th. Her passage occupied twenty-one days and sixteen hours, a remarkably quick voyage considering the light winds and the easy canvas under which the yacht sailed. The trip was uneventful and altogether pleasant, with the exception of three days of rough weather and

three without a puff of wind. The best day's run was made on August 2d, when the cutter reeled off 247 miles. As soon as the *Volunteer's* rival hove in sight off our coast, she was pursued and taken in tow by a steam-tug sent out for that purpose, and escorted to her anchorage off Tompkinsville, S. I., where she will remain until fitted out for racing. The total complement of officers and men who sailed the *Thistle* across the ocean is twenty-one. Captain Barr, although only forty-two years old, is a veteran racing skipper. He is a Scotchman by birth, and from his boyhood he has raced yachts with phenomenal success. With the *Thistle* he has thus far won eleven first prizes and two second prizes, out of fifteen contests. The navigator and first and second mates are also Scotchmen with a large experience in yacht-racing. The crew is selected from those of other English racing-boats, and will be supplemented in the coming races by twenty extra men.

The appearance of the Scotch cutter in our waters has been hailed with hospitable acclaim by the Press and people of the Atlantic Coast. Large numbers of persons interested in yachting matters have visited her, and she is an object of anxious interest to the many thousands who every day pass her anchorage. She is easily distinguishable, her tall spars making her conspicuous. Her colors are down at the topmast-head, and consist of a blue pennant blowing squarely away from the halyards, but divided like a fish's tail at the free end. In sharp contrast to the deep-blue body of the flag are the bright yellow spots on it. Two of them contain in markings of red the figures of a crown and a lion, and constitute the club signal of the Royal Clyde Yacht Club. The third is a plain round yellow spot, and adds to the rest the significance of a Vice-commodore's signal. Mr. James Bell, the principal in the syndicate owning the *Thistle*, is the Vice-commodore of the Royal Clyde Yacht Club. The *Thistle's* crew have been at work for some days past, getting her in shape for her trial "spins." Much curiosity exists as to how she looks below the water-line; but probably nothing will be done towards dry-docking the *Thistle* before Designer Watson and Mr. Bell arrive on the *City of Rome* early in September.

AT THE CENTRAL PARK MENAGERIE.

NO New Yorker need be at a loss for an afternoon's entertainment, so long as the denizens of the Central Park Menagerie hold their daily public receptions. Mr. Crowley, the four-year-old chimpanzee, introduces more original tricks and "monkey-shines" than any professional variety performer or acrobat now on the stage. Young Miss Kittie, his betrothed, regards him with modest admiration, as he plays ball, eats at table with a knife and fork, or stands on his head in a stove-pipe hat. The bears, in their open-air cage on the hillside, have also a large circle of admirers. The young grizzlies and blacks are fond of climbing to dizzy heights on the rocks, or on the ladder specially constructed for them, and there sprawling lazily in the sun; while the two polar bears usually prefer to disport themselves in their bath. The elephants, in their yard below, like their bath shower fashion, and consider it a great treat to be played upon with a hose. Then there are the pelicans, with the huge pouch under their bills, which has proved a fatal net to many a luckless fish; and the tall stork, to whom a second leg seems to be superfluous, and who looks down from the top of a single stilt with the serene dignity of a cynic philosopher. He contemplates in silence the undignified and noisy disputes of the wolf and the turkey-gobbler, and merely winks his eye when the pelican gulps down a fish without the formality of cleaning. The prairie-dogs are interested in vast tunneling schemes, and have already a subterranean village of unknown extent, where they live all winter, apparently regarding the upper air as merely a kind of summer holiday resort. The hippopotamus, the rhinoceros, and scores of other interesting animals, probably consider themselves as well entitled to notice as those we have mentioned; and so they are; only a page of pictures has its limits, which must also be observed in the reading-matter relating to it. Another day, worthy quadrupeds, bipeds, reptiles and fowl!

THE BRITISH NAVY.

A RECENT cable dispatch to the New York *World* contains some surprising statements regarding the English Navy. According to these statements, the actual efficiency in warfare of England's naval equipment is far less than is popularly supposed, and the recent marine display in honor of the Queen, as well as the manoeuvres lately engaged in to test the efficiency of the navy, have brought serious criticism upon what is generally believed to be the finest navy in the world. It has been found that the enormous war-vessels, heavily armed as they are, are weak against the assaults of modern artillery or the most destructive forms of torpedo-boats. Once disabled, these heavy cruisers are more helpless than the old wooden ships. Let a single breach be made in the armor, and the ship will go down with such swiftness as to prevent the escape of those on board. Further, these heavy vessels require a tremendous amount of coal, and their carrying capacity limits them to short cruises. Unless coaling stations are within easy reach, they become in a few days helpless hulks, floating at the mercy of wind and sea. The *Pall Mall Gazette* in a recent article recounts the accidents which befell the vessels engaged in the late naval manoeuvres. The mishaps were partly due to stupid blunders, but the actual disablement of a dozen of the best ships cannot be accounted for in that way. All this occurred in sham battle, and in waters perfectly well known, where the vessels had easy access to coal and other supplies. It has also been found that none of the fighting ships of the squadron can attain a rate of speed above eleven knots an hour, and as a specific example, the *Colossus*, one of the newest ships, considered one of the most effective of modern models, was unable to fire her heavy guns while steaming at a low rate of speed, owing to structural weakness. Americans who listen fearfully to repeated statements that these tremendous English ironclads could easily come over and shell New York or clear out our seacoast cities may derive a crumb of comfort from the facts here set forth.

M. KATKOFF ON RUSSIA AND AMERICA.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York *Tribune*, in an interview with the late eminent Russian journalist, asked: "Will you explain from your point of view, M. Katkoff, why exists the *entente cordiale* between the Russians and Americans, when their institutions are so exactly antipodal?"

"Institutions are nothing," was the reply. "The Russians and the Americans are the only civilized nations who have plenty at home and do not have to rob others for a livelihood; they are the only people who have plenty of room. All the other civilized peoples are cramped up in small territories, where the problem of existence becomes necessarily desperate. Incapable of expanding by absorption, they seek outlets by conquest and annexation for purposes of plunder. Russia conquers, but she absorbs. The conquered territory is merged in the Grand Russia, and its people become Grand Russians. England conquers, as in India, only to make a perpetual garrison; for what? to safeguard her traders in their business of wringing the life-blood from the conquered people and carrying it in gold to London. This is robbery, such as used to be practiced on the Rhine in feudal times. Timour-lenk, Baber and Nadir Shah were merciful in India by comparison with the East India Company and its successor, the British Indian Civil Service. They only slow, sacked and came away. The English slay, sack and stay!"

"In a different manner, but with equally evil effects, the Germans have been overrunning Russia since Peter the Great. Our Emperors, until his present Majesty, always married German princesses, who brought with them *entourages*, each member of which drifted into our Civil Service, bringing with him his own parasites in turn, until in the course of several generations Russia became permeated with them. This came to an end with his present Majesty, who, though three-fourths German by blood, is a real Russian by the grace of God; and his Empress—bless her soul!—is a Dane. Alexander II. emancipated the serfs from corporal servitude. But his son, Alexander III., is doing even a greater work in emancipating all Russia from the commercial servitude of free trade and alien jobbery."

"As to the Americans, we love them because they have never robbed us. Like ourselves, they protect themselves by tariffs against commercial incursions from the over-populated States of Western Europe. We are the two healthy giants—*les deux colosses*—of Christendom. All our enemies are in common. We can each make our own way in the world, and physical geography forbids a collision between us. Between us lie the overpopulated, debauched, decaying States of Western Europe, having no room for natural expansion and no hope of gain except in cheating or preying on their neighbors. Thank God! Russia and America have grown too powerful to be preyed upon, and too wise to be cheated. But I must bid you adieu. If you ever do Katkoff the honor to think of him again, remember him as a real Russian, who believes that Russia was made for the Russians; and also as a friend of your country, who believes that America was made for the Americans."

MAN'S CHEMICAL COMPOSITION.

FROM a chemical point of view man is composed of thirteen elements, of which five are gases and eight are solids. If we consider the chemical composition of a man of the average weight of 154 pounds, we will find that he is composed in large part of oxygen, which is in a state of extreme compression. In fact, a man weighing 154 pounds contains 97 pounds of oxygen, the volume of which, at ordinary temperature, would exceed 930 cubic feet. The hydrogen is much less in quantity, there being less than 15 pounds, but which in a free state would occupy a volume of 2,800 cubic feet. The three other gases are nitrogen, nearly 4 pounds; chlorine, about 26 ounces, and fluorine, 3½ ounces. Of the solids, carbon stands at the head of the metalloids, there being 48 pounds. Next comes phosphorus, 26 ounces; then sulphur, 3½ ounces. The most abundant metal is calcium, more than 3 pounds; next potassium, 2½ ounces; sodium, 2½ ounces; and, lastly, iron, 1½ ounces. It is needless to say that the various combinations made by these thirteen elements are almost innumerable.

A ROMANCE OF SIBERIA.

THE Odessa correspondent of the *Levant Herald* reports a Siberian incident narrated by a civil engineer just returned from Central Asia, where he had spent the last six years.

The monotony of his residence in those remote provinces was broken by an occasional hunting expedition into Siberia. On one of these trapping expeditions, which included a younger member of one of the Grand Ducal families, the party were one evening belated in a pine forest at some distance from the day's bivouac. They were utterly astray. A stentorian view-halloo brought to the assistance and guidance of the party a woodcutter—an old man of some three-score years, with tangled locks, coarse kaftan and bark-swathed feet. Under the old man's guidance the party found a rude hut, a charcoal fire and simple cooking utensils. The engineer noticed that the old woodcutter, when unobserved, scanned his face rather attentively. He took a quiet opportunity of asking the old man if he observed in him any resemblance to some one he had previously known. "A very strange resemblance," was the reply. "Were you not some fifteen years ago a student of the Richelevski Gymnase in Odessa?" The engineer answered affirmatively. "And do you not remember Professor —?" "Certainly," he was a man beloved by every student in his class. I shall always remember kindly the amiable and learned professor who disappeared so suddenly and mysteriously from Odessa. But what do you know of him?" The old woodcutter for the first time smiled; the heavy mustache and the beard had hidden the lines of the mouth in repose. The young engineer had not quite forgotten the peculiarly sad sweetness of his old professor's smile. The ragged and picturesque woodcutter and the former learned Professor of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology were the same. The rencontre was, under the circumstances, naturally at once both pleasing and painful to my friend, to whose immediate and anxious inquiries the old man replied sadly: "All God's will, my boy. As to the suddenness and mystery of my disappearance from Odessa, the secret police might have explained. Nothing beyond an unfounded suspicion of disaffection to our Little Father and a preposterous charge of disseminating revolutionary doctrines have sent me to this lifelong banishment. But I do not repine. I have sufficient philosophy left to apply myself to the felling of pine-trees with the same zest as that with which I formerly delighted to pursue a knotty philological problem. Am I not wise in my generation and old age? I am deprived of the sight and companionship of old friends; but God gives me health and a portion of contentment. My masters pay me with but few unkind words and two rubles

per mensem. My old Odessa pupils paid me six rubles an hour. But what of that? I have sufficient. Some old memories draw tightly round the heart and give me infinite pain. Then I swing my heavy adz with greater force and endeavor to forget. It is to me a joy to look upon the still youthful face of my old pupil; but do not probe my heart, child. I ask you not to speak to me at parting. You were always obedient, and you hear me. God keep you! Good-by!" The old man would not allow my friend to convey any messages to relatives or acquaintances, who, he said, had probably forgotten his existence, and he would not disturb dead memories. How many others are they like the old Professor—men, also, of birth, breeding and brilliant intellectual parts, languishing out their lives in the dreary wilds of Siberia for a baseless suspicion? The reflection is saddening.

FACTS OF INTEREST.

A MOVEMENT is on foot to organize in New York a Wagner Society, having for its aim the promotion of progressive ideas in music.

An exhibition of French caricaturists will take place in Paris this Winter. Only artists of the present century will be represented, and there will be some excellent examples of Gavarni, Doré, Cham, Andre Gill, and recent caricaturists.

The oleomargarine receipts are now averaging \$900 per day at the Chicago revenue office, though this is the dull season. This indicates the manufacture there to be 45,000 pounds per day. The oleomargarine industry is rapidly centralizing into a few big houses.

The reports from the assessors of the various counties of California show a remarkable increase in property values in nearly every county; the total increase for the State reaching \$132,000,000. Of all the counties, Los Angeles stands first on the list, with an increase of \$55,000,000 over last year, a gain of nearly 147 per cent.

A LONDON paper says that more than 2,000,000 glass eyes are made every year in Germany and Switzerland, and one French house manufactures 300,000 of them annually. The pupil is made of colored glass, and sometimes red lines are painted on the inner surface to simulate the veins. The largest number of these eyes are bought by laborers who are exposed to fire, and are consequently liable to lose an eye.

A CONVICT night-school is to be started in the New Jersey State Prison at Trenton, where there are 860 prisoners, of whom 140 can neither read nor write. Convicts who have been well educated will act as instructors. The school will be in session two hours each evening, excepting Saturdays and Sundays. Turnkeys armed with repeating rifles will be the monitors, the desperate character of many of the convicts rendering it necessary to take every precaution even on such occasions.

THE twelfth century of St. Cuthbert was recently celebrated by a pilgrimage to Holy Island, near Berwick, in Northumberland, England, where are the ruins of the abbey which Cuthbert inhabited as Bishop of Lindisfarne. The place can only be approached at low tide by wading three miles on the sands. Ten thousand pilgrims, men, women, and children, did this through three hours, all barefooted and singing ancient hymns as they marched. An altar was fitted up in the open air on the ruins of the abbey. Over one hundred priests about it and a thousand kneeling worshippers made an impressive spectacle.

ACCORDING to the report of the General Secretary presented at the meeting of the Grand Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd-fellows of New York, held in this city last week, there are 528 lodges in the State, with a total membership of 44,191; 5,206 members and 370 widows have received assistance during the year, and over \$200,000 has been paid out for relief in various ways. In addition to these charities, an Odd-fellows' Home has been founded at Unionport, N. Y., for aged and feeble members of the Order. This last enterprise is largely under the control of the German Odd-fellows of the State.

THE air of the sea, taken at a great distance from land, or even on the shore and in ports when the wind blows from the open, is in an almost perfect state of purity. Near continents the land winds drive before them an atmosphere always impure, but at 100 kilometers from the coasts this impurity has disappeared. The sea rapidly purifies the pestilential atmosphere of continents; hence every expanse of water of a certain breadth becomes an absolute obstacle to the propagation of epidemics. Marine atmospheres driven upon land purify sensibly the air of the regions which they traverse; this purification can be recognized as far as Paris. The sea is the tomb of molds and of aerial schizophytes.

RECENTLY published figures concerning the ninety-five public libraries of New York show that all but about a dozen belong to clubs, societies, or educational institutions, and are, therefore, of no use to the general public. The ten or twelve remaining are of two classes—one devoted to consultation and reference, the other to general circulation, and this latter class is again divided into free and subscription libraries. Of the 1,400,000 books in the public libraries of the city, only about 100,000 are accessible to any and every one. These figures do not compare favorably with those furnished by other cities. Boston has a free public library containing 434,000 volumes. Cincinnati has one containing 145,000 volumes. Chicago has one containing nearly 100,000 volumes, while many other smaller cities are in advance of New York in proportion to their size and population.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

AUGUST 12th.—In Orange, N. J., Davis Collamore, the well-known New York china dealer, aged 67 years. August 13th.—In Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Nathaniel L. Hunting, of New York, aged 37 years. August 14th.—In San Francisco, Cal., ex-Senator Aaron A. Sargent. August 17th.—In Binghamton, N. Y., Dr. Titus L. Brown, the noted Freethinker, aged 59 years; in New York, the Rev. Dr. Daniel Curry, the well-known Methodist Episcopal minister, aged 78 years; in New York, Jacob Ahles, brewer, aged 63 years. August 18th.—In Sharon Station, N. Y., Orson S. Fowler, phrenologist and lecturer, aged 78 years. August 19th.—In Woods Holl, Mass., Professor Spencer Fullerton Baird, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, and United States Fish Commissioner, aged 64 years; in Cambridge, Mass., Alvan Clark, the famous telescope-maker, aged 83 years; in London, Eng., John Palgrave Simpson, the eminent author.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

JAY GOULD is a grandfather, and is said to enjoy the new sensation.

MR. BLAINE left London last week for Hamburg, where he will remain for some weeks.

GENERAL BLANCO, President of Venezuela, reached this city last week, en route for Paris.

DARWIN's biography, by his sons, is nearly finished, and will be published the middle of October.

MR. GEORGE G. WRIGHT, of Iowa, was last week elected President of the American Bar Association.

It is rumored that Prince Ferdinand, before going to Bulgaria, insured his life for 2,000,000 florins.

BISHOP PERRY of Iowa has been chosen by the Church of England Provincial Synod at Halifax to the vacant Bishopric of Nova Scotia.

MRS. CLEVELAND, who has been for some time the guest of General Greely at Marion, Mass., held a public reception on the 15th inst., which was attended by nearly 1,000 persons.

PRINCE BISMARCK will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his assumption of the offices of Prussian Foreign Minister and Prussian Prime Minister on September 23d and October 8th respectively.

CONGRESSMAN A. C. THOMPSON, of Ohio, who is in charge of John Sherman's Presidential boom, asserts that the Ohio Senator will have a solid delegation from that State in the Republican National Convention.

It is said that the bonanza kings, Flood and Mackay, lost from \$6,000,000 to \$8,000,000 by the San Francisco wheat deal which recently collapsed, and from which they had expected to realize property amounting to at least \$5,000,000.

PROFESSOR C. A. YOUNG, of Princeton College, who went to Rjeff, near Moscow, to observe last Friday's eclipse of the sun, telegraphs that no observations could be taken at that point of greatest obscuration owing to the clouded condition of the heavens.

REV. DR. CURRAN, of Saugerties, N. Y., who recently attended a labor picnic and supplied Henry George's place as a speaker, has escaped correction at the hands of his ecclesiastical superiors by making an apology which is satisfactory to Archbishop Corrigan.

THE oldest bank president in the country is said to be Charles Tatman, of the New Castle County National Bank of Odessa, Del., who is ninety-six years of age and still retains perfect all of his faculties, and writes as legible a hand as he did forty years ago.

IN a recent letter Mr. Gladstone expresses the faith of his party in the coming conversion of the country to Home Rule. He is said to be by no means impatient. He thinks things are moving quite fast enough. The sinister calculations of the Tories on his failing strength or increasing years disturb him not a jot. He has seldom been younger.

JAY GOULD, Cyrus W. Field, Sidney Dillon, Russell Sage and Alonzo B. Cornell in the busy financial season meet and eat lunch together every afternoon between one and two o'clock in the Western Union building on Broadway, New York. These men represent \$300,000,000, but they always eat a very plain lunch at the expense of the Western Union Company.

C. P. HUNTINGTON's latest railway purchase is the road running from San José, a village without a harbor, on the Pacific coast of Guatemala, seventy-five miles in length, to Guatemala city. He already owns roads extending from Oregon and California to Newport News on the Chesapeake, and will probably purchase the Central American highway, that he may own a short interoceanic route.

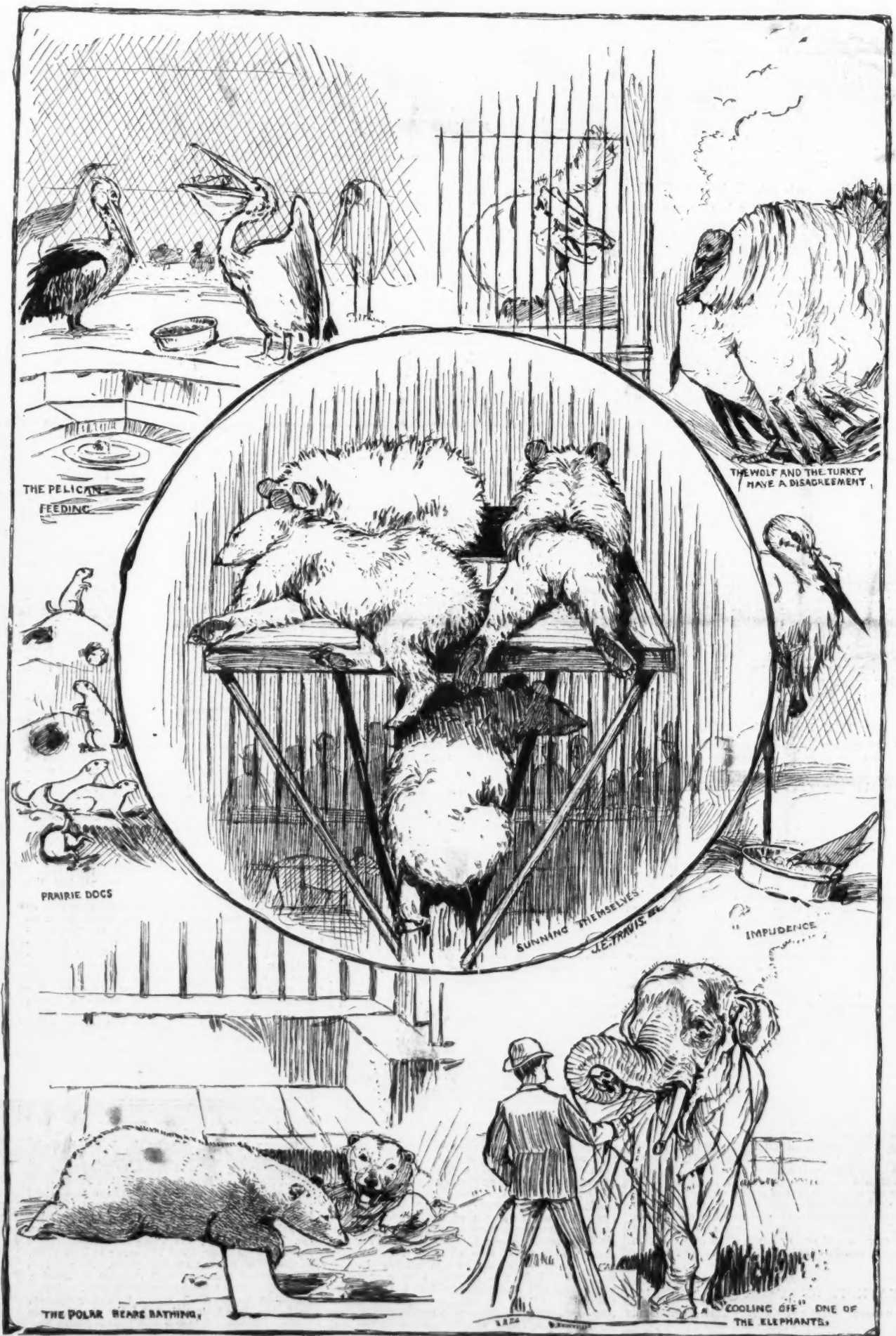
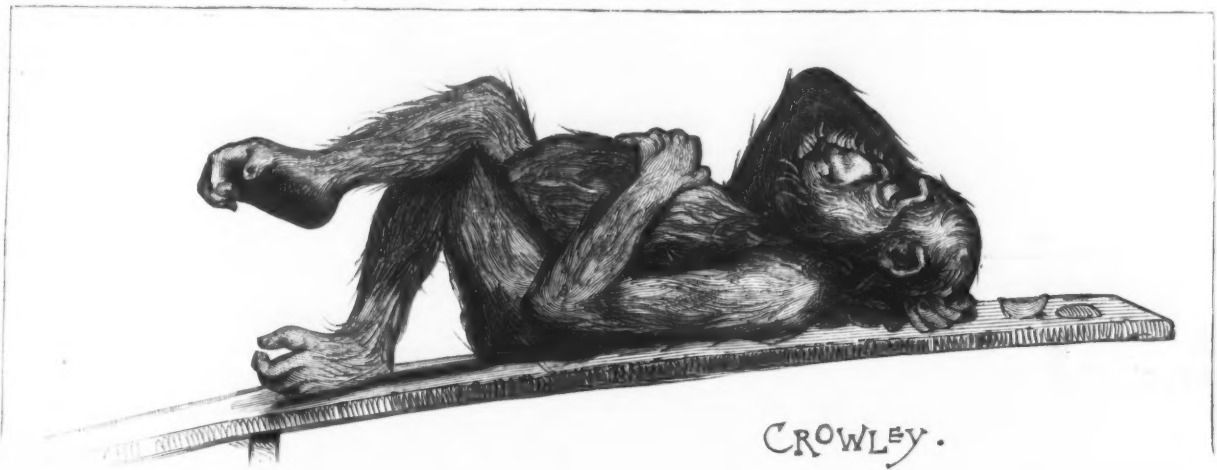
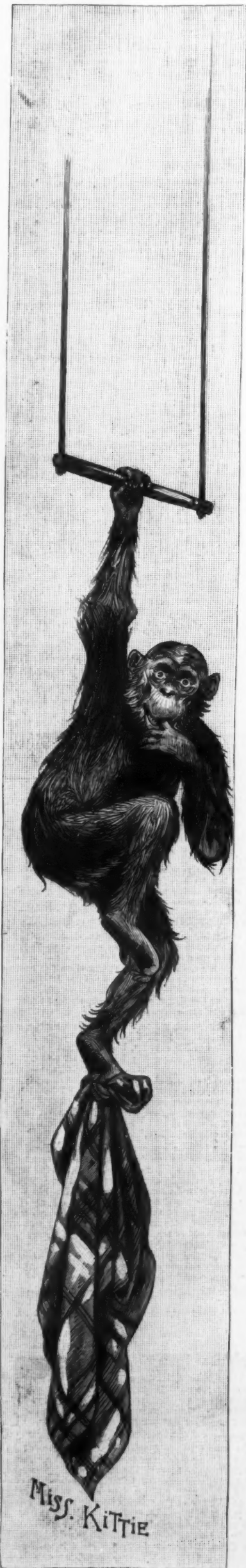
JACOB SHARP was seriously ill for a day or two last week, but is at this writing in about his usual health, and "as comfortable as can be expected" in his prison quarters. Judge Potter has not yet announced his decision in the application for a stay in the sentence, and there is a growing feeling that he means to save the arch-bowler from Sing Sing until after the General Term has affirmed the conviction and sentence.

MME. BLAVATSKY, the Russian adventuress, who was well known in New York some years ago as the apostle of Theosophy, but who finally fell into disrepute here, has again been heard from. She is now in London and is about to issue a monthly magazine "designed to bring to light the hidden things of darkness on both the physical and psychic planes of life." The name of this ambitious periodical is *Lucifer*, and it is stated in the prospectus that it will "apply theosophic thought to the problems of life."

DURING the absence of his wife, President Cleveland has led the life of a Cincinnatus at Oak View. He rises before seven, dons a blue serge suit and a wide-brimmed straw hat, and, with a cigar in his mouth, strolls through his big vegetable garden until breakfast is served at eight o'clock. He spends a large part of the day on the piazza. He drives but little. There is but one horse on the place after Colonel Lamont has driven off to the White House in the family carriage. A female cook and Mrs. Cleveland's comely maid are the only representatives of the gentler sex now at Oak View.

QUEEN MARGARET of Italy, one of the loveliest royal ladies in Europe, is very anxious not to appear too youthful. At the beginning of the Summer she asked King Humbert whether she was not growing too old to wear her favorite style of dress—white muslin. "That point needs consideration," replied the King. Nothing more was said on the subject for several weeks, but one morning the King's Chamberlain entered the Queen's apartments, announcing that he brought the royal answer to Queen Margaret's inquiry. The answer consisted of a huge trunk containing six elaborate white muslin dresses from Paris.

UNITED STATES SENATOR RIDDLEBERGER has again made himself notorious, the scene of his exploits being this time in Woodstock, Va. Judge Newman of the County Court fined Riddleberger, and committed him to jail for five days for contempt of court, adding five days for resisting arrest. A mob of his friends forced their way into the jail late at night and released the prisoner, who was not re-arrested for a couple of days. The return to prison took place finally, and was voluntary upon the Senator's part. Subsequently, the sentence was suspended, and he was liberated. It is claimed by Riddleberger's friends that Judge Newman is influenced by personal animosity against the Senator, and further trouble is anticipated.



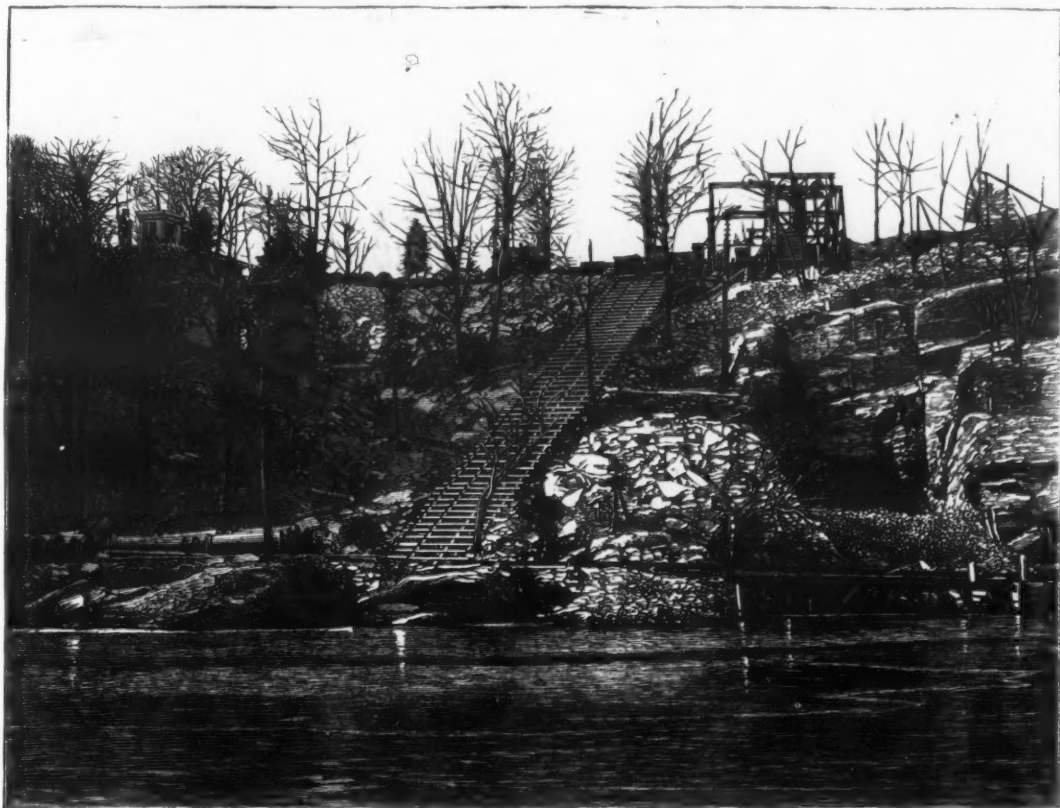
NEW YORK CITY.—AN AFTERNOON AT THE CENTRAL PARK MENAGERIE.
SEE PAGE 27.

NEW YORK'S GREAT AQUEDUCT.

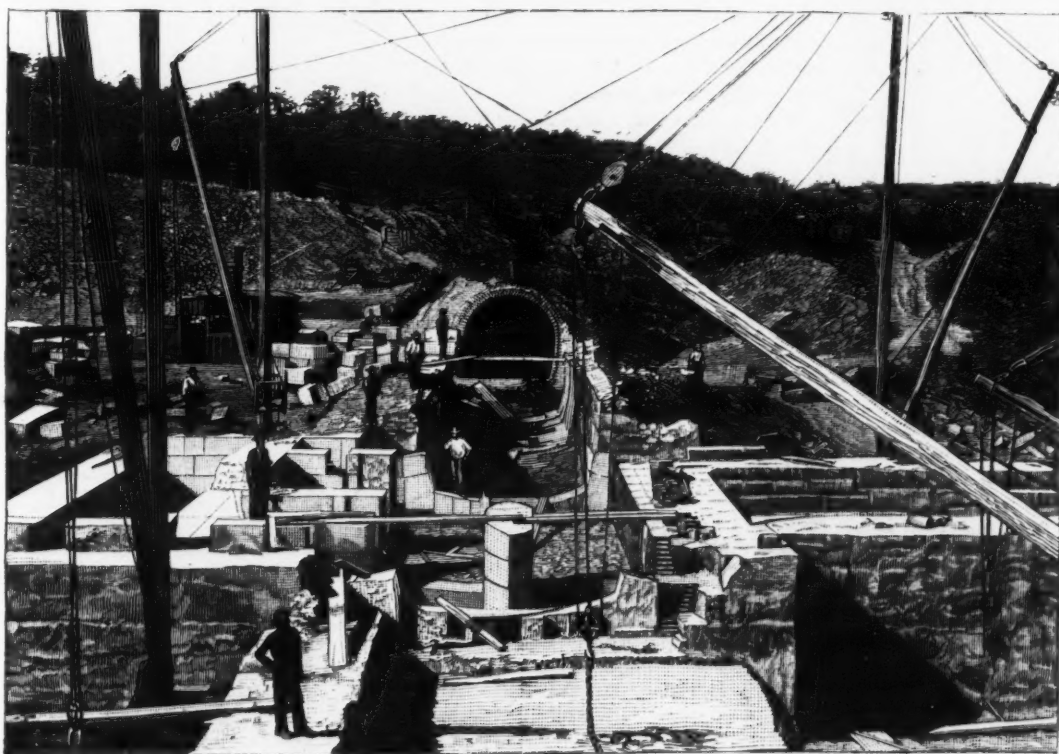
WORK on the new Croton Aqueduct, which is to bring New York's water supply from the Croton Valley, has been actively in progress since early in the year 1885, and may be said to be fully three-fourths completed. The line begins at Croton Dam, on the Croton River, and runs in a southerly direction along the Pocantico and Sawmill River Valleys, across the Harlem, and from thence to Manhattan Valley at One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Street. The plans for the Aqueduct, stated in general terms, comprise the construction of a conduit, commencing at Croton Dam, with its mouth 60 feet below high-water level in Quaker Bridge Reservoir, at an elevation 140 feet above tide at the invert, and to discharge into the Central Park Reservoir; the total fall, from the water-level of greatest flow in the Aqueduct at Croton Dam to high-water in Central Park Reservoir, being 33.8 feet, for a length of 33½ miles. The interior of the conduit has a cross-sectional area such that its flowing capacity is equal to that of a circle 14 feet in diameter, and runs mainly in tunnel, built on a uniform grade of 7-10 of a foot per mile, to Shaft No. 20. The tunnel then runs to and under the Harlem River, as an inverted syphon, and continues under flow-pressure to One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Street, from which point it is to be conveyed in iron pipes to the Central Park Reservoir.

The official summary of the work completed up to the beginning of the present year showed the length of completed tunnel to be over 21 miles in 24 months, besides a mile of open-cut work; leaving a little over 8 miles yet to be excavated. The masonry work is proportionately well advanced. According to the contracts, it is estimated that the new Aqueduct can be made available at the end of three and a half years from the beginning of the work. It will have a capacity of delivering about 250,000,000 gallons of water per day. The work will probably cost, in round figures, \$15,000,000.

Our pictures on this page convey an excellent idea of the character of the region through which the Aqueduct passes, as well as of the labor in the shafts. There are 35 of these shafts, of an average depth of 100 feet, as more than 26 miles of the Aqueduct is in tunnel, for the most part through rock. There are about 200 men at each shaft, divided into day and night gangs. They work with steam-drills in the damp, gloomy depths, some of which are illuminated by electric lights. The shafts are dangerous, especially to reckless workmen; and nearly forty lives have been sacrificed since the beginning of the excavations.



SHAFT NO. 25, AND BLOW-OFF DRIFT.



SOUTH YONKERS CUT, LOOKING NORTH.



ARDSLEY GATE-HOUSE, SECTION 7.



SINKING A TEST PIT.



IN THE TUNNEL-HEADING.

NEW YORK.—THE NEW CROTON AQUEDUCT—VIEWS ALONG THE LINE OF THE GREAT TUNNEL.
FROM PHOTOS.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

PROMINENT merchants in the leading lines of trade in New York city report a brighter outlook for the Fall trade than for several years past.

The men who led the rescue of Senator Riddleberger from the jail at Woodstock, Va., and the deputy sheriff who guarded him, have been indicted.

LEADING violators of the new Sunday law in New Orleans have been indicted, and one of them has been convicted. The indications are that the law will be rigorously maintained.

THE convention of the United Labor party of New York, held at Syracuse last week, nominated a full ticket, headed by Henry George for Secretary of State. Mr. George promises to make a thorough canvass of the State in behalf of the ticket.

THE steamship *City of Montreal*, of the Inman line, was burned at sea on the 11th instant, when five days out of New York, and thirteen persons, who took to one of the boats, are missing. The rest of the passengers and crew were rescued by a passing vessel.

EUGENE B. SANGER, messenger boy 1,222 of the Mutual District Service, who went to England last month as the bearer of special messages from Actor Sothorn and Manager Frohman of the Lyceum Theatre to various people of the dramatic profession in London, returned to New York on the *Germanic* last Friday, after an absence of thirty-two days.

THE British Government has asked information about the seizure of the British Columbia sealing-vessels in the waters of Alaska. The case is substantially this: The Aleutian Islands are part of Alaska Territory, and the adjacent waters are under the jurisdiction of the United States. The taking of fur seal therein is prohibited by our laws, and vessels engaged in the business are subject to seizure. The case of the captured sealers is now in the court at Sitka.

FOREIGN.

THE Queensland Government will at once assume the sovereignty of New Guinea.

PRINCE FERDINAND's resumption of the reins of government in Bulgaria is acquiesced in by England, Austria and Italy, but neither of these Powers formally sanctions his election, which was not made in conformity with the Treaty of Berlin. Turkey is reported to be friendly, but Russia growls and threatens. As she is not prepared, however, to go to war, her menaces do not occasion much alarm.

It looks as if the Tory Cabinet had determined to persist in its policy as to Ireland, no matter what the consequences. In the House of Commons, the House of Lords amendments to the Land Bill have been concurred in, in spite of the Parnellite protests, and as these amendments deprive the Bill of more than half of its value, its passage will only aggravate the situation. Meanwhile the Government has proclaimed the Land League, and will abandon several of the remedial measures which it had promised to pass. Mr. Chamberlain and T. W. Russell have withdrawn from the Unionist party in consequence of the proclamation of the League. The action of the Government is expected to lead to a break-up of the Liberal-Unionist alliance.

THE ILLINOIS RAILWAY DISASTER.

It is a relief to learn from the latest newspaper reports that the accident at Chatsworth, Ill., was not caused by incendiaries in the hope of obtaining booty from the victims. That there was robbery of any kind is denied; though watches, pocketbooks and other valuables were taken from the persons of the dead by railway employees and others, and left with the town and railroad authorities for identification by friends. The coroner's jury which investigated the disaster finds in its verdict that Timothy Coughlin, the foreman in charge of the section which included the culvert, disobeyed positive orders, which required him to examine the culvert at the close of the day's work, and that he was guilty of gross and criminal carelessness in leaving fires burning near the woodwork. The evidence seems to prove that Coughlin deserves condemnation, although he asserts that two of his subordinates have perjured themselves. But the jury appears to have desired to free the company from responsibility so far as possible, for it has not a word to say about the policy of sending so long and heavy a train over the road, at a high rate of speed, in the night, without sufficient braking appliances. The management, however, is not entirely ignored, for it is indirectly criticised for failing to have the road patrolled during the evening, but it was plainly the purpose of the jury to lay the burden on Coughlin's back. Fortunately, there is to be a further investigation, for the Railroad Commissioners of Illinois are taking testimony, and the people of Peoria have formally demanded that their inquiry shall be searching and exhaustive. The official list of the dead and injured now comprises the names of seventy-nine persons who were killed and whose bodies have been identified. Those whose wounds are so serious as to require medical treatment number 126, and the names of 150 more have been obtained who, though cut and bruised, were able to travel to their homes. This makes a total of 355 casualties resulting from a wreck in a twelve-foot culvert.

A WONDERFUL TALKING-TRUMPET.

A YOUNG electrician named Harry B. Cox, of Fernbank, O., is attracting the notice of scientists and electricians in this country and Europe by his inventions, in which he is as prolific and ingenious as Edison. His latest device is a trumpet to be used for telephoning at sea, on which he has been at work for some months. The invention is the outgrowth of his discovery of the great distance an echoed or reverberated sound will carry, and the discovery that speaking-trumpets, if made to give the same fundamental note, would vibrate and produce the phenomenon known in acoustics as "sympathy." With this trumpet conversation in an ordinary tone of voice was carried on between parties four and a quarter miles apart. People sitting at their windows or on their porches a mile away conversing in an ordinary tone could be distinctly heard, and in two instances they were told the nature of their conversation; and admitted that such had taken place. By listening to the whistle and tracing it to and beyond

Fernbank to Lawrenceburg, Ind., it was found that the instrument has a well-defined range of twenty-six miles, that is a loud sound like a locomotive-whistle or the rumbling of a train can be distinctly heard at a distance of thirteen miles in every direction. Conversation was readily carried on between two men on high hills on opposite sides of the Ohio River, about four and a half miles apart. Tests made on the water showed that the trumpet was even more available than on land. The instrument will be patented as soon as perfected. A name has not been chosen for it.

FUN.

"STILL at work"—A dumb waiter.—*Danville Breeze.*

CONSISTENCY is not a duel in France.—*New York Journal.*

WOMAN'S sphere—A ball of worsted.—*Boston Budget.*

WHEN the great singer burst into song, pieces of music were scattered all around.

DIMES are such curiosities with Thriftless that he calls his pocketbook his dime museum.

It is a great mistake to say that a woman's crowning glory is her hair. At this season of the year it is her new bonnet.

OVER the grave of a baseball-player in a Western town was simply his name and the words: "He made a Clean Home Run."

A SMALL hand is said to be a sign of refinement. How vulgar, then, must be the man who holds four aces.—*Baltimore American.*

"No," said Mrs. Malaprop, sadly, "I knew that girl couldn't live; it was like seeing a flower fade away—petal after petal falling off."

FRESH AIR.

WE do not condemn the theory or the practice of resorting to fresh air, mountain retreats, quiet country homes, seaside rambles and bathing, or the various mineral springs, as restoratives to failing health. No doubt there are many who have been greatly relieved by all these favorite resorts, and some very justly claim they have been cured. But the number is legion that find no comfort, no relief to their weakness, their aches, their pains, in such grasping at straws in their struggle to save themselves. The following letters illustrate this point, and show the wisdom of the one most interested in the case.

A patient in Grand Junction, Tennessee, on April 20, 1886, wrote the following:

"My family doctor said I ought and must go to Hot Springs and stay there months. My good brother came down from Middle Tennessee to see me, and he also tried to persuade me to go and spend three months at the Springs. I declined to do so on the ground that I knew more about Hot Springs than either of them. I simply told them that I intended to stay at home and use Compound Oxygen, and be where I could get fresh air. I believe three months at the Springs, taking that contaminated air in all the time, would kill me. I have been there once, and it was a fruitless trip, ay, worse. On the other hand, I have as much confidence in Compound Oxygen as I would have in giving beef and bread to a starving man. The Compound Oxygen that I used over a year ago did me much good. I wanted to be moving to some other country all the time, and could not control myself about eating and many other things. I find much relief in these respects after using the Compound Oxygen."

A volume of nearly two hundred pages on "Compound Oxygen—Its Mode of Action and Results," will be mailed free to every inquirer on receipt of address; and if particularly interested in the cure of any special disease, a monograph on that will also be sent. Address DRs. STARKES & PALEN, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A MODEL building—The Patent Office.—*Texas Siftings.*

WARNING.

HOW MANY people ruin their stomachs by swallowing cold drinks on a hot summer day, when they could avoid all danger by adding ten drops of ANGOSTURA BITTERS, besides imparting a delicious flavor to their summer beverages.

\$15,000 IN GOLD

IS WHAT A "NEWS" CORRESPONDENT GETS FOR AN INVESTMENT OF \$1.

AS MENTIONED briefly in our issue of last week's *News*, W. S. Locke, some time past our correspondent at McMillan, held a one-tenth ticket in the Louisiana State Lottery that drew the capital prize—\$150,000. A reporter of the *News* visited Mr. Locke on Saturday last, and gleaned the following facts: Mr. Locke has invested in this lottery for the last four months, buying a one-tenth ticket each time, spending in all four dollars. It was his intention to try his luck for one year at least, and see what the result would be. On Tuesday, 19th ult., a rumor reached him that a ticket at McMillan had drawn \$15,000, but Mr. Locke would hardly credit the news until a printed list containing the number of the prize-winners was put in his hands. He at once telegraphed the number of his ticket to the New Orleans National Bank, and received in reply that if he held that number he was entitled to the money. The ticket was immediately placed in the First National Bank of Marquette for collection, and in less than a week \$15,000 in gold, minus the exchange, was placed to his credit. Mr. Locke has been in the employ of D. L. West, merchant of McMillan, for a number of years, attending to the railroad office at the same time. He says that he has never sent money for tickets otherwise than in a plain envelope addressed to M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La., and has always received his ticket promptly. That the scheme is run on the square is without doubt. Our correspondent and family will visit their old home in Canada for a few weeks, where they have not been for eight years, after which they will probably locate on the line of the new Minneapolis railroad and go into the general merchandise business.

The many friends of Mr. Locke rejoice in his good fortune, and while the *News* loses a good correspondent, it glories alike with the rest.—*Newberry (Mich.) News*, August 14th.

A GENEROUS OFFER.

TAYLOR'S CATARRH CURE is sold under a guarantee that, if purchaser is not convinced of its merits after a ten-days' trial, the price, \$2.50, will be refunded on its return to the principal depot, City Hall Pharmacy, 264 Broadway, New York. Send 4c. stamp for pamphlet. It is sure, safe, pleasant. Our readers can rely upon this.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

THE TORTILITA MINES.

THE "HARTFORD POST" ON THEIR GREATNESS.

ONE OF THE RICHEST MINING PROPERTIES IN THE WORLD.

SPECIAL DESPATCH.

HARTFORD, Ct., Aug. 17th, 1887.

THE *Post* of this city prints in to-day's issue a full-page article on the Tortilita Gold and Silver Mines, of which Mr. JOSEPH H. REALL (who is being urged for Vice-president on the ticket with CLEVELAND as the representative of the Agricultural and Laboring interests) is president. The *Post* shows that the Tortilita Company have one of the greatest mining properties in America, and it estimates that with the forty-stamp mill that is now being arranged for, which will crush 160 tons of ore per day, that the Company can earn over one hundred thousand dollars per month net, or over one hundred per cent. per year on its capital stock, which would make the shares that are now selling to subscribers for \$9 each, the par value, at the Company's office, 57 Broadway, New York, worth over twenty dollars each, while this result can be again doubled by additional stamps, as the Company have an inexhaustible supply of rich ore. A second Virginia City is predicted in connection with the Tortilitas, as the Company have twelve developed and proven mines out of which over \$150,000 in bullion was taken while the exploring and developing work was going on, which, together with the prices now being realized for the shares so soon after they were put upon the market, are unexampled facts in the history of mining. The *Post* pronounces the Tortilitas one of the best and cleanest cut enterprises that the public ever was invited to invest in. The stock is attracting much attention throughout New England, and is being largely taken for investment by bankers, merchants, farmers, and by working men and women. It is announced that the subscription-books will close in a few days preparatory to the stock being called on the Consolidated Stock Exchange. The offices of the Company are at 57 Broadway, New York, and the mines are in the richest mineral district of Arizona.

I had Inflammatory Rheumatism



For nearly a year I had to be fed and turned in bed. I could find no relief. My stomach was ruined and cut to pieces with powerful medicines taken to effect a cure, so that I was compelled to live on bread and water. I suffered over twenty-five years in this way. I was induced to try Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, and

I am Now Well.

With this medicine at hand I am enabled to enjoy a good night's rest, also food such as meat and pastry, which I have been deprived of for twenty-five years. I am now well. I will send the proof at once.—GARRETT LANSING, Troy, N. Y.

Jay Sweet, Albany, N. Y., says: It is my pleasure, if not my absolute duty towards those who are struggling for very life against the deadly diseases of the kidneys, to add my testimony to the already weighty evidence of

THE MARVELOUS EFFICACY OF Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. My wife was a hopeless case, abandoned by the physicians. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy of Rondout, N. Y., was resorted to; not because any hope was placed in it, but because nothing else remained. The effect was little short of a miracle. At the second bottle of the Favorite Remedy she had regained strength, and continuing the treatment, she has fully recovered. Send 2-cent stamp to Dr. Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y., for book on Kidney, Liver and Blood Disorders. Mention this paper.

Dr. D. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy
Rondout, N. Y. All druggists. \$1; 6 for \$5.

You are Cautioned

against buying Wire Mats unless our name is stamped on the frame. We k. imitations are in the market, and unscrupulous persons are infringing our patents. We shall begin vigorous litigation, and as the law makes the seller and us equally liable with the manufacturer, so that you buy the original and only Mat possessing every point of merit. Double woven fabric. Two mats in one. Also as a series of coil springs, and the only Mat with scraping ribs at right angles with the direction walk.

HARTMAN STEEL CO., Limited,
BEAVER FALLS, PA.

140 Congress St., Boston; 118 Chambers St., New York; 107 Dearborn St., Chicago.

\$250 A MONTH. Agents wanted. 90 best-selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.



How to Cure Skin & Scalp Diseases with the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

TORTURING, DISFIGURING, ITCHING, SCALY and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, are cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of disease-sustaining elements, and thus removes the cause.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays itching and inflammation, clears the skin and scalp of crusts, scales and sores, and restores the hair.

CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, is indispensable in treating skin diseases, baby humors, skin blemishes, chapped and oily skin. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the great skin beautifiers.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

TINTED with the loveliest delicacy is the skin bathed with CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

ONLY FOR

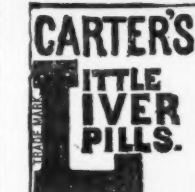
Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

Use PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION, it is reliable.

For PIMPLES on the FACE, Blackheads and Fleshworms, ask your druggist for PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY, the Infallible Skin Medicine. Send for circular.

BRENT GOOD & Co., 57 Murray St., New York.

SICK HEADACHE



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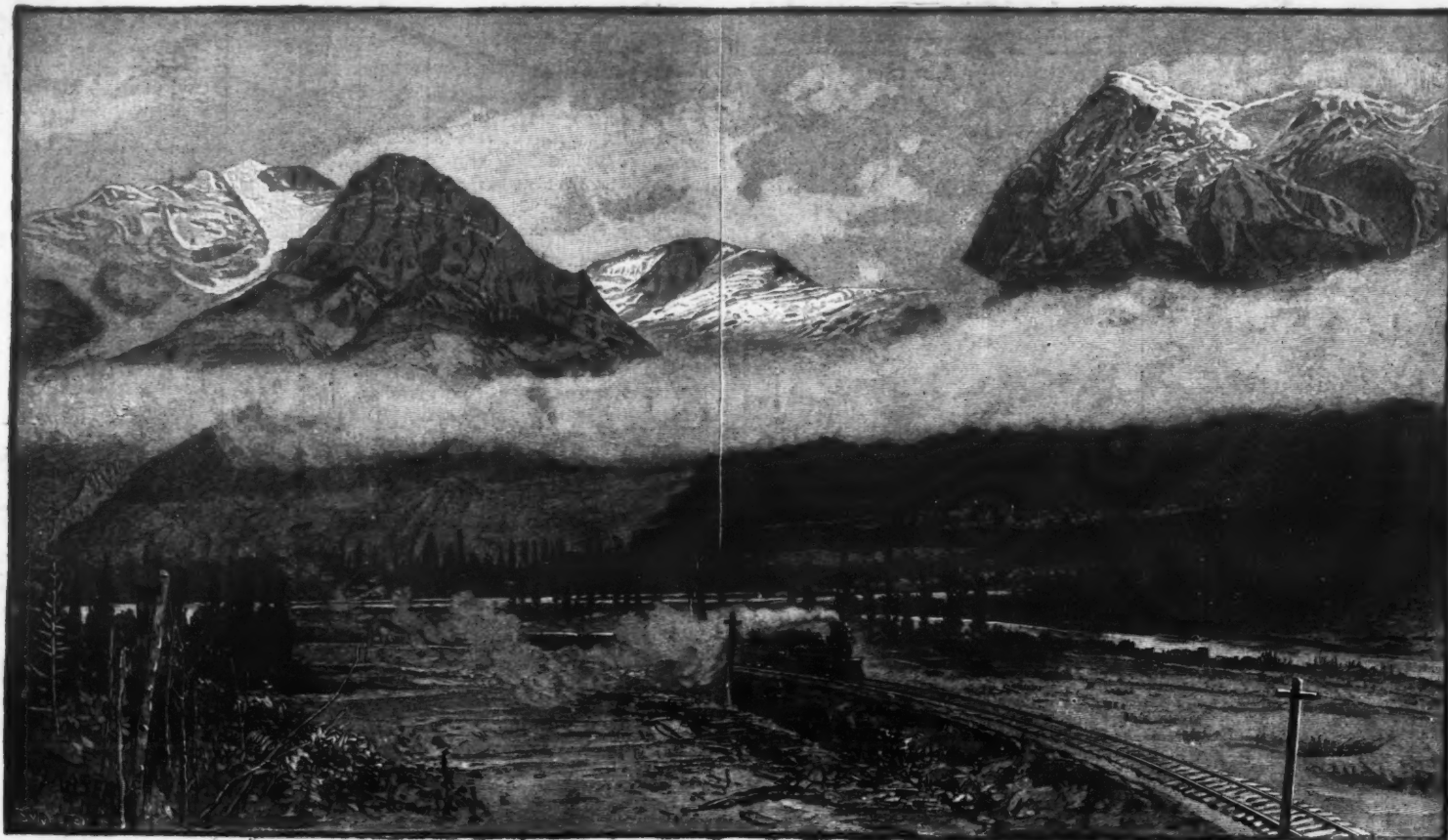
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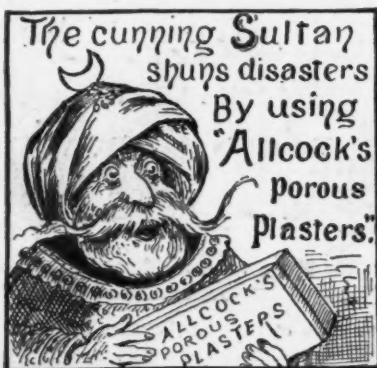
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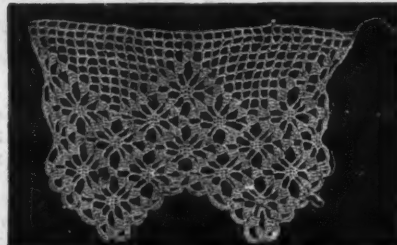
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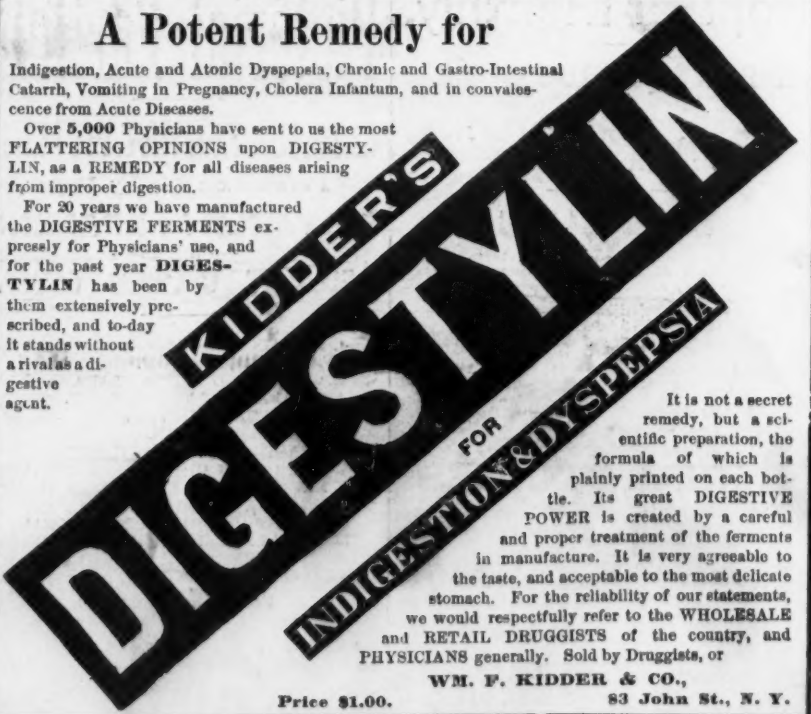
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